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The Week.

CONGRESS has, of course, not sat during the week, and does not meet again till Jan. 10. The principal Washington news, therefore, and the one subject of Washington conversation, has been Mr. Stanton's sudden death. It appears that he has left no property, and would never during his lifetime accept anything in the nature of pecuniary compensation for the services he had rendered the country. A movement is therefore now on foot to present his family with a New Year's gift of \$100,000. Perhaps one of the most pleasing results of the war has been the production of a class of men who seem in the popular eye worthy objects of this sort of testimonial. Before the war it would have been hard to find a man in public life for whom anybody would have been willing to subscribe anything after all further service had ceased to be expected of him.

Mr. Stanton occupied a more prominent place in the public eye, in connection with the late war, than any other civilian except Mr. Lincoln, and his sudden death, when just grasping a long-coveted reward, has produced a correspondingly profound sensation. He can hardly be said to have been popular. His official demeanor was anything but urbane, and he was violent in his prejudices, and inexorable in acting them out. A man in the service he took a dislike to he generally managed to ruin before he had done with him, and was not always very scrupulous in the choice of means. There are few men who had much to do with him who have not sad stories to tell on these points, and under ordinary circumstances his weaknesses of temper would perhaps have lost him the public confidence. But the circumstances of his career were not ordinary, and this fact, while it brought out his defects of character, brought out also certain great traits of it which will probably hand down his name to posterity as one of the foremost men of his time. When people saw the confusion out of which he had to evoke order; the horde of scoundrels eager for public plunder, between whom and the army and the Treasury he stood for four weary years, the principal, indeed one might almost say the only barrier, they readily forgave his imperfections; they would have forgiven them had they been twice as great. And then, as the French say, "he paid with his person." He flinched from no toil or sacrifice of personal comfort; and, indeed, may be as truly said to have laid down his life in the service as any man who died on the field. Moreover, he was one of the few men who, having had control over vast sums of money almost without check during the war, came out of it poor. This is, in our age, a

fine thing to say of any man, and it should never be forgotten of any man of whom it may be said.

What perhaps did more, however, than either his self-sacrifice or his integrity to win for him the popular devotion, was the fact that he represented to perfection the popular temper during the whole struggle. He never doubted and he was never downcast, or, at all events, never showed signs of either; and to estimate this at its full value, it must be remembered that he was one of the two or three men at Washington who could derive no consolation from the newspapers, as the rest of us did day by day. He always knew the truth, and it was generally tolerably depressing truth till the last year. He knew, too, and showed he knew, as few politicians did, what war meant, and war he waged accordingly, hitting as hard as he could, never taking "counsel's opinion," showing no bowels of compassion, sparing neither life nor treasure; indefatigable, insatiable, relentless, as, in truth, a man of war has to be. He furnished oftener than was supposed the steel head to Mr. Lincoln's tough lance, and has had the good fortune to die with the memory of his services still fresh in the public mind, and the generation who watched and labored with him still standing around him. He was a respectable lawyer, but of his powers as a politician, in the best sense of the word, there is little to be said. It is not unfair to presume that he would have made little mark in the political field in peaceful times. He had one qualification for the judicial bench which, in the present condition of the bench, may safely be set down among the highest, and led us, in spite of his faults of temper, to hear of his appointment with pleasure: he was not afraid of anybody or subservient to anybody. In other words, he was a brave man; and bravery enters largely into the stuff out of which good judges under our system of government have to be made.

We have discussed the recently published correspondence on the *Alabama* question elsewhere. Mr. Fish's despatch, which constitutes the bulk of it, simply rehearses the causes of American dissatisfaction, but recedes from the extreme ground taken by Mr. Seward about belligerent rights. Lord Clarendon contents himself almost with a statement that he has nothing more to say. Judging from this and from the tone of the English press, it seems unlikely that any further move about the matter will be made by the English Government, and if ours means to reopen the negotiations, it must certainly make a demand for specific redress. It is not dignified or expedient to keep perpetually repeating to a listening world the story of our wrongs. Everybody now knows all about them. Everybody knows, too, that mere pecuniary damages are not considered sufficient. The Administration is now bound to say what else it wants, or let the affair drop. The United States is the plaintiff in the case, and must state the nature of the remedy it seeks. The apparent concurrence of both parties as to the propriety of transferring the negotiations to Washington, whenever they are resumed, is a step in the right direction.

The publication of the Spanish correspondence puts the United States Government in an excellent position in all that relates to Cuba. It shows that Mr. Fish has confined himself strictly to the task of keeping Spain within the limits prescribed by international law. He has successfully resisted several rather monstrous Spanish pretensions; one, an attempt to treat as pirates persons found carrying arms or munitions of war to the island, which, as long as Spain refuses to acknowledge there is formal war raging in the island, is a perfectly harmless enterprise, and which, even if she had acknowledged war to be raging,

would simply be an illicit trading venture, subjecting the vessel and cargo to condemnation; another was an attempt to extract a proclamation against giving material aid to the insurgents, but without recognizing their belligerency; another was an attempt to exercise the right of search on the high seas, without conceding belligerent rights. Every one of these was abandoned on Mr. Fish's protest, and the government at Madrid has acknowledged, in very handsome terms, the good faith and fair dealing of the United States in the whole matter.

The latest "news" about Cuba appearing in the New York papers is that the Administration has undergone a great change of mind about the rebellion since the President's message was written, and is now half inclined to acknowledge the belligerency of the insurgents. What has worked this conversion does not appear. Moreover, the same chronicler says Mr. Sumner is disposed to support the recognition if it can be shown to him that the rebels have emancipated the slaves, than which nothing is easier, as Cespedes's proclamation is in everybody's hands. The news about Mr. Sumner, however, is, we are bound to presume, the composition either of a wag or a simpleton. To recognize belligerency in return for an attempt at emancipation would leave every nation free to select anything it pleased as a title to belligerency, and we should see belligerent rights conceded to "peoples, districts, and colonies" "struggling to be free," in consideration of their reading the Bible, or abstinence from intoxicating liquors, or humane treatment of the insane, or devotion to the Pope, or belief in the Immaculate Conception.

Mr. Schenck must have felt comfortable after his attempts in the House last week to prevent any participation on the part of the Government in ceremonies in honor of Mr. Peabody's memory. There has been a great deal said, and we think we have read or heard most of it, about Mr. Peabody's hostility to the cause of the Union during the war; but nothing has ever been proved against him under this head, except that he avowed throughout his affection and sorrow for the South, in which he had lived for many years. Before condemning for this atrocity a man who has devoted the proceeds of a life's labor to the promotion of the good of his kind, it would be well for some of our Congressmen to ask themselves whether they are quite sure that a hatred of the South, in addition to support of the Union, and in addition to a life of well-doing, is called for in the courts of Heaven as strictly as in the halls of the Capitol, and whether there would not be something a little ridiculous in President Grant's Administration turning the cold shoulder on a great American philanthropist for a weakness which the Ruler of the universe will, unless the world is all wrong about His code of morality, set down as a virtue.

The annual celebration in this city of the landing of the Pilgrims is now regularly marked by one little incident, which we think were better omitted, and that is a "set to" between the Mayor, as the representative of the Irish Democracy, and some descendant of the Puritans. The New England orators usually make some allusion, which the place of meeting not unnaturally suggests, to the rascalities of the New York Democracy, and to the aggressive spirit—to use no stronger term—of its principal constituent, the Irish population. Whereupon the Mayor, as in duty bound, takes up the cudgels for the city, and being *ex vi termini* the principal offender himself, carries the war into New England, and makes various unpleasant allusions to Yankee peculiarities. On the surface, the whole thing is a joke, or, as the reporters say, an interchange of "amenities;" but in reality there is bitterness at the bottom of it, and there ought to be, but it is hard on the Forefathers to give vent to it over their memory. If the Mayor has to be invited to these gatherings, it would, we think, best serve the cause of morality to preserve a solemn silence about the weaknesses of his supporters, or else speak about them in solemn earnest.

The troubles in the Hudson's Bay Territory, caused by the handing over of the population to the Dominion of Canada by the Home Government without asking their consent, are gradually assuming a more serious as well as more ludicrous aspect. Mr. McDougall, the

governor, sent out from Canada to rule over the new acquisition, is installed ingloriously at Pembina, on the American side of the line, waiting for better days, and apparently unable to hold even a foot of ground within his legal jurisdiction. His last reported exploit appears to have been the despatch of a member of his staff to endeavor to raise a force of Indians for the Government service, but the attempt, it does not appear for what reason, failed miserably, the emissary narrowly escaping from the enraged insurgents, with whom this piece of folly will of course render all accommodation more difficult than ever, if not impossible. We see, however, that Mr. McDougall disclaims all responsibility for it. The close business and topographical relations of the rebels to Minnesota, the sympathy which the Minnesotans naturally feel for them, and cannot long avoid showing, promise to convert the movement into an international question of considerable difficulty. Moreover, pending the troubles, the Government refuses to pay over to the unfortunate Hudson's Bay Company its \$1,500,000. The French and half-breeds who compose the insurrectionary force are showing unexpected talent for organization, but the English settlers have not yet declared themselves. Correspondents of the Western papers begin publishing descriptions of the insurgent chiefs which show that for personal beauty and accomplishments they have probably never been matched, unless perhaps by some of the heroes of Ossian. Eyes, teeth, muscles, figure, brow, and literary acquirements and athletic capabilities are of the first order.

There have been several stories about Mr. Burlingame, of one sort or another, afloat during the last two or three months, the first of which, that the Imperial Government had refused to ratify the treaty he had concluded with this country, was plainly untrue, because China has nothing whatever to gain by not ratifying it. She loses nothing by it; and, although it cannot be said she acquires anything either which she did not possess by other treaties already existing, except a more formal acknowledgment of her equality, the treaty has since undoubtedly been ratified. Another story is that Mr. Burlingame's commission, properly translated, accredits him to "lesser nations," or, in other words, asserts once more the ancient Chinese doctrine of the inferiority of foreign powers. This has not been contradicted, so far as we know, or explained away; and the evidence in support of it seems to accumulate. But it really makes no difference, even if true, in the relations of China with the outer world. Its importance is due to the light it throws on the intention of the Chinese in sending out the embassy. It does not, if true, raise or lower the foreigners, but it perhaps shows that the Chinese do not accept our theory of international relations with the frankness which has been ascribed to them. In the meantime, Mr. Burlingame is making good progress with his negotiations in Europe.

Mr. Fish has addressed a circular to American representatives abroad, enclosing a draft of a convention regulating the laying of cables between different countries, and urging its adoption. Its leading features are—provisions for the protection of such lines in time of peace and war; for the encouragement of the laying of them; and for the protection of messages from official scrutiny—a point which France will find it hard to yield. He has also urged, in his despatch on the *Alabama* matter, the settlement of the general question of neutral rights and duties, and has received, as might naturally be expected, a hearty expression of concurrence from England, which is just now in a most philosophic frame of mind. So that it would seem as if the time was propitious for a congress of the great powers to deal with a large number of problems which the growth of trade and commerce, of discovery and invention, are forcing on the attention of all governments, but for which the existing code of international law makes no provision.

The Oneida Community are engaged in a controversy with the Government which raises some interesting questions. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue says, as they are one family, they are only entitled to one deduction of \$1,000 on their income-tax; they say that they are an unincorporated co-operative association, in which each

adult member is entitled to any legal rights he might have if he did not belong to it, and therefore each one is entitled to the \$1,000 deduction; and to prove that they have no desire to shirk their due proportion of the public liabilities, they show by their tax receipts that, had the rest of the nation contributed as much to the Treasury as they have, the National Debt would by this time be wiped out, and a surplus of two billions of dollars left. The weak point in their case is that the property on which they claim exemption does not belong to each member in the sense in which it belongs to individuals in the world without, whom the statute had in view in making the exemption. No member of the community can take an equal share of the common property, as of right, and retire. Nevertheless, as Congress did not contemplate the case of these communities, and as it is clearly unjust to treat them as *simply* collections of individuals, there ought to be a special clause inserted for their benefit when the act comes under consideration this winter.

The *New York Times* informed its readers on Monday morning "that there was little doubt that the Sultan had settled his little differences with the Khedive," and that there will be no fight. This looks as if the *Times* had not seen the announcement in the *Tribune* of Dec. 21, "that private and trustworthy information" (we think we know "the reliable gentleman" who furnished it) "had reached it that war between Turkey and Egypt was almost inevitable." "We forbear," adds the cautious editor, "to state our views with the emphasis with which it has been imparted, but," etc., etc.; and then follow some paragraphs of cold-blooded speculation on the Sultan's means of offence, including 700,000 troops, of which 400,000 on a moderate calculation must be in very tight quarters in the top story of the *Tribune* office; that the Sultan knows nothing of them, or ever will, is certain. This being the third bloody European war which the *Tribune* has set agoing within the last two short years, the question arises, whether humanity does not call for interference on the part of our Government with this sanguinary newsmonger, this implacable waster of his own species. The *Springfield Republican*, not having the enterprise to get up "a triple alliance" of its own, tried to go shares in the *Tribune's* last summer, by exclaiming, in a small, meek voice, "that it had information to the same effect itself" (i.e., to the effect that France, England, and Spain were entering into an alliance against the United States). It now announces that "the danger" of said alliance is over. Thank Heaven, is all we can say; but when did it pass away, brethren? About what hour of what blessed day was that particular load taken off the breast of humanity?

The Suez Canal is going through the trials which seem to attend all the great enterprises of our time in their opening days—witness the first railroad, the first ocean steamer, the Atlantic Cable. Since the opening the public has been disposed to settle down on two conclusions—one, that the canal will not pay; and the other, that it is not now, and will never be, navigable for vessels of a large size. The first point is one which primarily concerns the stockholders, of whom the Khedive is the principal one. The total capital sunk thus far is \$82,000,000, of which the French public has supplied little more than half; and it is now discovered that it will cost \$10,000,000 more to make the canal what it ought to be. It needs widening and deepening at various points; there is a good deal of blasting to be done at one; and the harbor at Port Said needs extensive improvements. The maintenance of the canal will cost, it is estimated, \$200,000 a year; but, all things considered, the shrewdest business heads are now of opinion that, in spite of all these burdens, it will pay a fair interest, at the present tariff of two dollars a ton, to its shareholders. The present depression about it seems to be mainly due to over-haste in opening it. The English in India are greatly excited about it, and preparations are being made at Bombay on a great scale for the navigation of it. In Liverpool a large number of the old blockade-runners are being drawn from the seclusion in which they have reposed since the close of the war, and made ready for the canal trade. An international commercial congress, which is reported to be sitting at Cairo—though how composed we do not know—has adopted a memorial in favor of the neu-

tralization of the canal, and has also recommended the restriction of the belligerent right of blockade to fortified ports.

The controversy which has been raging about the Duke of Genoa's candidature for the Spanish throne is a curious one. The Duke is a boy at school at Harrow, and does not want to be King of Spain. His mother and hismorganatic father—if that be a proper phrase—the Marquis of Rapallo, are opposed to his acceptance of the crown, and he is largely under their influence; but they are both in bad odor at the Italian court, and the King is desirous of having him accept if elected, and appears to have made an arrangement to that effect with Prim. The result has been a rather scandalous bandying of contradictions between the Marquis of Rapallo and the Spanish Government; but the difficulty seems in a fair way of being solved by the failure of the Cortes to supply the requisite majority in the Duke's favor, and it is now said that the Provisional Government intends to fix a time after which it will not urge his election.

The latest report from Italy was that the King had invited General Cialdini to form a new Cabinet in place of that of Menabrea, who has been Premier since 1867. On the 19th of November the Chamber of Deputies met to elect a President, and did so in the person of Lanza, a rigid Conservative of the Piedmontese faction, who held the same office fifteen months before, and resigned it in order to join the bitter opposition to the action of Government in regard to the tobacco monopoly. He was re-elected by 169 votes against 129 cast for the administration candidate, receiving the entire support of the Radical Left (less than a hundred strong), the Permanente, a fraction of the Right, and the Third Party. The ministry had given warning, wisely or unwisely, that they would regard the vote for President as one of confidence, and it was no sooner announced than they resigned. Days passed before the King would accept, and again before Lanza was summoned to form a ministry, he having insisted that Counts Menabrea and Cambray-Digny, with the Marquis Gualterio, should be banished from court. But even with this extraordinary concession, and after appealing to every party in the House, he could accomplish nothing. The coalition had created a majority which could not be counted on except for personal hostility to the late ministry, and the only party which has gained by it has been the Left. All the Vice-Presidents, the Secretaries, and minor officers, with one or two exceptions, were appointed from the Left, which has also insisted on continuing in session during the ministerial crisis, and has even gone so far as to take the case of one of its members, Major Lobbia—convicted of simulating crime for political purposes—from the Court of Appeals in order to revise it before letting it proceed further. To this unfortunate state of things many causes, dating from Mentana and still further back, have contributed; and the prospect is that, even with fresh elections, things will grow worse in Italy before they grow better. But under the shadow of this political confusion there is going on an extraordinary revival of material enterprise and prosperity. Commerce, manufactures, arts, all feel the pulses of a new life. Real estate is rising rapidly, railroads are spreading, and, in fact, the old Italy is passing away, and a new, ten per cent., Americanized, go-ahead, and, to the artist and poet, very repulsive Italy is growing up in its stead.

The latest news from France, which has been foreshadowed by our correspondent, is, perhaps, the most important which has come from that quarter since 1851. It is neither more nor less than that the Emperor has formally surrendered personal government by requesting M. Ollivier to form a Ministry representing the majority of the Lower Chamber, thus re-establishing parliamentary government in France after eighteen years' interruption. The effect of this on the fortunes of the Orleans family, which have been steadily rising during the past year, is serious—that is, if the Emperor lives long enough to get his son ready to succeed him. The weak point in the Imperial régime is that the Liberals are loth to believe the Emperor, and doubt the permanence of all his concessions. This difficulty time alone can remove.

THE "ALABAMA" CASE AGAIN.

It was somewhat difficult to make out from the President's message what the position of the new Administration on the *Alabama* case was, as it contained nothing beyond an expression of dissatisfaction with the Clarendon-Johnson treaty, and of a desire for full satisfaction from England for the injuries done by the English Government and English subjects during the war. No intimation was given in it of the sentiments of the Cabinet regarding the nature or extent of this satisfaction, or the rule by which the damage suffered by the United States should be measured.

We therefore read Mr. Fish's despatch, published last week, with a good deal of curiosity, confidently expecting to find in it not simply a reiteration of the charges against England, but a frank and explicit description of the thing, whatever it is, which will have to be done in order to put the relations of the two countries once more on an amicable footing. We need not say we were disappointed. The despatch is a simple rehearsal of the reasons why Americans complain of the belligerency proclamation as premature, and of the subsequent course of the English Government as unlawful and unfriendly, and with which everybody is now familiar. We must add, however, that Mr. Fish, up to a certain point, puts that proclamation, as has never been done before, in its true place amongst the *res gesta* out of which the controversy between the two countries has sprung. He takes the ground which General Grant takes in his message with regard to the duties of the United States towards Cuba, which President Woolsey took in his lectures on the *Alabama* case last summer, and which, we may be permitted to add, the *Nation* has taken from the beginning—that what is called the "concession of belligerent rights," being neither more nor less than a notice given by a government to its own citizens that it understands war to be raging in a certain place, between certain specified parties, that it intends to remain neutral between them, and that its citizens must abstain from certain acts which would be construed as violations of that neutrality, or suffer certain penalties, some emanating from the belligerents, others from the neutral government itself—it is in its very nature a discretionary act. All writers acknowledge it to be so. President Grant has proclaimed it to be so. Each nation is the sole and sovereign judge of the time and circumstances which call for it; therefore no nation owes an account to any other for issuing it. You might as well call a man to account for bolting his door and closing his shutters when he sees or thinks he sees a fight beginning in the street in front of his house.

Of course, however, an exercise of discretion may be friendly or unfriendly, or neither. It may be unfriendly in respect to the time at which it was done or the circumstances under which it was done. If I am in the fight in the street, and the owner of the house is my intimate friend, it would be a sign of unfriendliness in him to withdraw and close his doors and his windows; if he was the intimate friend of the other party, it would be unfriendly in him to me to keep them open. Moreover, if, after having closed his doors, in the exercise of his undeniable right, when the fray was beginning, he placed himself at an upper window during its progress, and occupied himself in cheering on my adversary, it would be idle for him to tell me afterwards that his sole object in shutting up was to protect his own property. But then, for the unfriendliness of a discretionary act, there is no legal remedy as between either nations or individuals. If a man does not like the moral attitude another has assumed towards him during a period of great trial and difficulty, he may take an early opportunity of punching his head, but he cannot bring him into court in an action for damages. And if a nation is not satisfied with the time at which another nation has chosen to announce its neutrality in a pending quarrel, it may go to war by way of vengeance; but there is no rule in international law defining all the *casus belli*. There are some wars which may be justified by precedent, but there are others which find their justification simply in national feeling. Of these latter it is useless and, indeed, childish to argue in the legal forum; they belong exclusively to the jurisdiction of conscience, and have to have their causes weighed not by lawyers but by moralists.

The English proclamation of belligerency, therefore, unfriendly as we may feel it to have been, so far from being, as has been maintained

with so much rhetorical exaggeration, a wrong in itself, capable of submission to a legal tribunal, or a source of wrongs, is of no value or importance in the present controversy, except as a piece of evidence useful in fixing the animus of subsequent acts. "It was," to use Mr. Fish's language, "of itself, and by its inherent nature, of a neutral color, which, however we might condemn it in a particular case, we could not deny to be of the competency of a sovereign state." But he unfortunately goes on to say, "Other governments did the same thing, but Great Britain alone had translated a measure indefinite of itself into one of definite wrong to the United States, as evinced by the constant and effectual aid, in ships and munitions of war, which she furnished to the Confederates. . . . Thus, what in France and Spain, as their subsequent conduct showed, had been an untimely and ill-judged act of political manifestation, had in England, as her subsequent conduct showed, been a virtual act of war."

It is difficult, on reading this, to avoid a feeling of despair about the whole matter. It must be remembered that our Government has all along held that under the law of nations England was bound to have prevented the sailing of the *Alabama* and all other Confederate cruisers which left her ports; that the plea that her municipal law did not provide machinery for the purpose had no value, inasmuch as it is the duty of each nation to provide the machinery for the proper execution of its international obligations; that the refusal of the Palmerston Government to make good the defects in English law was a plain and shameless evasion of their duty; and that the existence of those defects aggravated instead of lessening their responsibility. Now, this rule, the *existence of which nobody now denies*, exists entirely independent of the proclamation of belligerency. Under it England would have been bound to prevent the sailing of the *Alabama* if she had never issued the proclamation; she was equally bound to prevent it after having issued the proclamation: the single fact which fixes her responsibility is that *the Alabama was to be used against a power with which she was at peace*. The issue of the proclamation of belligerency in reality (this may seem to some persons an extraordinary statement, but it is literally true) has in either law or morals no more influence on England's obligation than on the ebb and flow of the tide. The relation of cause and effect between the issue of the proclamation and English liability for the damage done by belligerent cruisers is a figment of the imagination of some gentlemen who have brought to this discussion a somewhat more plentiful supply of rhetoric than of brains. Had England never issued the proclamation, she would have been bound to have prevented the issue from her ports of armed vessels to prey on the commerce of a friendly power; had her municipal law provided no machinery for the purpose, she would have been bound to supply it; had the vessels sailed through the culpable negligence of her officials, she would have been bound to punish them and make good the damage. In short, we should have had her just where we have her now. The premature issue of the proclamation is of no use to us except as proof of *animus*. Mr. Fish's assertion that she "translated" the proclamation, the issue of which he acknowledges to have been of itself an act of legal discretion, though "an ill-judged act of political manifestation," "into a virtual act of war," has a vagueness and mistiness about it which, we are sorry to say, is well calculated to excite apprehension as to the fate of the controversy in his hands. An "ill-judged political manifestation" cannot be "translated" into an act of war. "An act of war" is an act of war *by itself*, and, if committed against a friendly power, has to be atoned for just as it stands. Trying to extract its guilt from a not unlawful act which went before is like trying to prove that a man's responsibility for a murder lay not so much in his having killed somebody as in his having some time before cut his acquaintance, thus "translating" simple discourtesy into wilful homicide.

If it be asked why we protest so strongly against the importance attached in this matter to the belligerency proclamation, we reply, Because it burdens the case with extraneous matter; because it forces us to get satisfaction from England for an act which we acknowledge to be within her discretion, and which no power therefore can apologize or pay damages for without humiliation; because every time we seek to connect the proclamation with the damage done by the *Alabama*, in

the relation of cause and effect, we virtually admit that, had the proclamation not been issued, the sailing of the *Alabama*, other things remaining the same, would not have entailed any responsibility on England, which is not only unsound in law, but a piece of unprecedented self-stultification; and, lastly, because it diffuses through the public mind a fog which, while it lasts, makes a satisfactory settlement of the question almost impossible, serves nobody's purpose but those of that large class of political porpoises to whom international law and international relations serve simply as an elastic medium in which to spout and tumble.

THE COUNCIL: WHY IT WAS CALLED, AND WHAT IT MAY DO.

THE great Councils of the Church from Nice to Trent reflect the history of theological and ecclesiastical controversies. Each of them was called into existence by some emergency of dogma or discipline, and each has left its particular mark upon the creed or the canons. The first seven Councils (from Nice A.D. 325 to Nice A.D. 787), which alone are acknowledged as Ecumenical, were largely occupied with definitions in Christology; and although such questions as the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father, and the procession of the Holy Ghost, are now remanded to the text-books of theology, they once distracted the Church with fierce disputes, and threatened the peace of the Roman Empire. Since the eighth century the great Councils have followed the line of the Latin Church, and, though universal in respect of that Church and its dependencies, have had no acknowledged relation of authority to the universal Church. The last of these, that of Trent in the sixteenth century, was summoned to confront the heresies of the Reformation; to heal, as far as possible, the breach of that great schism, and repair the waning authority of the Papal See; and the doctrine and discipline of the Church as formulated in the catechism and the canons of that Council have been regarded as final upon the issues between the Church of Rome and the Reformed churches. It has been the boast of Trent that within her sanctuary "*postremum Spiritus Sanctus oracula effudit*." The calling of another Council, therefore, argues the existence of some new differences within the Church, or of new questions between the Church and the world without. And yet the roots of the questions that are now to be determined at Rome as questions of the nineteenth century lie back in the sixteenth.

The order of Jesuits set up papal absolutism against the popular tendencies of the Reform, and, seizing the potent engines of education and diplomacy, sought to control the policy of Europe in the interest of Rome. In this it was inspired by the principle of unreserved submission to the papal will, making dogma, sacraments, practice, discipline, all secondary to the notion of the infallible supremacy of the Pope in the Church and over peoples and states. Said Gretser, in the seventeenth century, "When we speak of the Church, we mean the Pope." But the Reformation, which summoned into existence this reactionary propagandism of the Jesuits, spread to some extent the leaven of Liberalism within the bosom of the Church. Of this the Jansenists and the school of Port Royal, led by Pascal, Arnauld, Nicole, and Quesnel, were a notable example. The one party has aimed at the centralization of power at Rome—the concentration of authority in one personal will; the other at a measure of organic independence and of individual freedom within the Church in harmony with the progress of modern society; and since intensity of devotion to the Pope has marked the Italian clergy, while Liberalism has been more characteristic of the French, the former school has come to be known as the Ultramontane, and the latter as the Gallican. There have been, of course, fluctuations between these two schools, according to the temper of the popes and of the times, and so long as no direct issue was raised between them the Church could hold them both; but it was reserved for Pius IX. to bring these opposite principles to an issue, first in his own person, and next in the Council convened by his authority, and already so largely subject to his dictation. Scared by the ghost of Democracy that he had raised in 1848, the Pope threw himself into the hands of the Jesuits—whom the popular belief charged with instigating the assassination of the liberal Rossi—and under the lead of Antonelli he struck for the opposite extreme of

absolutism and infallibility. From that day Pius IX. has grown bolder in his usurpations of prerogative within the Church, and more arrogant in his denunciations of powers, peoples, and opinions without the Church, until the former culminated in the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin as a dogma of the Church, without the authorization of a Council, and the latter in the famous Syllabus of 1864 against the errors of modern society.

The reactionary movement at Rome, while it carried with it such French prelates as were ambitious of promotion or were wedded to ecclesiastical unity, revived in French Liberals the old free spirit of the Gallican Church. This spirit found vent in a Congress of Catholic Liberals, held at Malines in August, 1863, at which Count Montalembert made his noble declaration for liberty of conscience:

"Of all the liberties which I have undertaken to defend, the most precious, in my view, the most sacred, the most legitimate, the most necessary, is liberty of conscience; . . . liberty for truth and liberty for error; liberty for ourselves and liberty for those who differ from us. . . . I feel an invincible horror at all punishments and all violence inflicted on mankind under pretence of serving or defending religion. The fagots lighted by the hands of Catholics are as horrible to me as the scaffolds on which Protestants have immolated so many martyrs. The gag in the mouth of any sincere preacher of his own faith I feel as if it were between my own lips, and it makes me shudder with distress."

Such sentiments, uttered with applause in an assembly of Catholics, were, in fact, a public protest against the encroachments of papal absolutism; and in the Papal Encyclical of the following year, the opinion that "liberty of conscience and of worship is the right of every man" was condemned as an error "very hurtful to the safety of the Catholic Church and of souls;" and the opinion that "the law of the Church does not demand that violations of sacred laws should be punished by temporal penalties" was also denounced as contrary to the truth. The Syllabus appended to this Encyclical, after enumerating various religious and philosophical errors for the animadversion of the faithful, denounces also the doctrine that "the Church has not the power of availing herself of force;" the doctrine that "the direction of public schools in which the youth of Christian states are educated must appertain to the civil power;" the doctrine that "marriage may be a civil contract;" and the notion "that the Roman Pontiff can and ought to reconcile himself to and agree with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization." All these opinions were condemned as damnable, and the Pope set himself resolutely against freedom of conscience, of worship, of opinion, of the press—in a word, against whatever characterizes the onward movement of modern society.

It was the foresight of the consequences of such infatuation to the Roman Catholic Church, especially in view of the progress of liberalism in France, that led Father Hyacinthe to lift up the voice of warning; and it was for this that he was required to submit his own conscience to the gag of the hierarchy at Rome. Other voices, especially in Germany, have been raised against this tendency to papal absolutism. Frohschammer, of Munich, one of the ablest scholars of the Latin Church, has published a powerful essay on the right of private judgment (*Das Recht der eigenen Ueberzeugung*), in which he protests against the recent attempt to restore the power of the Church to absolute dominion—a measure sought to be accomplished by the apotheosis of the Pope, by the concentration of absolutism at Rome, by Romanizing the clergy, by the churchly manipulation of the higher classes, and by the acquisition of worldly in place of spiritual goods. He demonstrates the incompatibility of the absolutism of the Catholic hierarchy with the sovereignty and autonomy of states, and concludes with the warning that the triumph of the Jesuitical hierarchy would be a calamity for the people of Europe. Similar views are expressed in that remarkable book, "The Pope and the Council," the joint production of several Catholic scholars, under the pseudonym of *Janus*. This book declares that "the effort at Rome is to bring the whole Catholic world to the clerico-Italian manner of thinking and feeling;" that "this reactionary movement is preparing, like an advancing flood-tide, to take possession of the whole organic life of the Church by means of this Council;" that "the Jesuits have been active for some

time past in founding confraternities which bind themselves to hold and propagate papal infallibility as an article of faith;" and that "they and their Roman allies hope that the majority of the bishops present, who have been already primed for the occasion, will accede by acclamation to this suggestion, and the Holy Father will gladly yield to the pressure coming on him spontaneously and, as it were, through a sudden and irresistible inspiration from on high, and so the new dogma will be settled at one sitting, without further examination, as by the stroke of a magician's wand."

If this were really contemplated, the opportunity for such a surprise has been lost by the recess of the Council; and if the unanswerable arguments of *Janus* against papal infallibility, drawn from history and the reason of the case, have any influence, the whole scheme may be abandoned. It may well be doubted, however, whether the Pope would have risked the calling of the Council had he not felt sure of the endorsement of a dogma which is the logical crown of the hierarchical system of government; and so enormous is the pressure of that system that few in the Council will be able to stand before it. The rules prescribed for the introduction of matters before the Council, and the Ultramontane preponderance in its committees, will render impossible any freedom of debate. It is worthy of note that, if we are to trust the *Catholic World*, the American prelates are committed to the papal cause, the January number of that periodical assuring us that "the Ultramontane doctrine has been universally held and taught in the Catholic Church in the United States," and that "the clergy and laity of the United States will welcome with the greatest joy" a decision elevating the Pope's infallibility out of the rank of "a pious opinion" into that of a dogma. We think we may add that American Protestants would receive such a decision with rejoicing also. If the Council shall declare the Pope infallible and shall endorse the Syllabus, there will no longer be a Roman Catholic Church, in the sense of a communion, but a hierarchy centralized in Rome, and arrayed against the free spirit of Christianity, against the spirit of scientific enquiry, and against all the forces and tendencies of modern society. In that event, the Council will have enabled Christendom to understand the position and aims of Rome, and to define its own position towards a power so audacious in its pretensions and so portentous of evil. But though the Council should put on the appearance of unity in a result which can be reached only through a strong moral coercion, the fact of internal dissensions bordering upon schism has already been exposed; the eloquent appeal of Father Hyacinthe for "a Council really representing the Church universal, not the silence of some and the constraint of others," has rung in the ear of two continents his protest "against those doctrines and practices which call themselves Roman, but are not Christian," and "against the divorce, not less impious than mad, between the Church and the society of the nineteenth century;" and the hierarchy that shall dare this outrage stands already arraigned by *Janus* at the bar of history for the long series of abuses and crimes by which this culmination has been reached, and at the bar of conscience upon the indictment that "a great and searching reformation of the Church is necessary and inevitable, however long it may be evaded."

WHY JUDGE HOAR WAS NOT CONFIRMED.

It is a curious fact that what the various hostile senators were pleased to allege as their reasons for voting against Judge Hoar's appointment all turn out, when impartially examined, to be most cogent arguments in favor of it. In the first place, there were the "claims of locality," undoubtedly the most plausible objection brought forward. What an outrage, it was said, to assign to a Southern circuit a Massachusetts man! How contrary to precedent! how dangerous an example! All the Southern senators are said to have opposed the nomination on these grounds, and they are grounds which would *prima facie* be entitled to the first consideration. But facts which must have been well known to every Southern senator made the objection frivolous. The real reason why the customary course of nominating a native of the circuit was not followed was unquestionably this: that there were few, if any, natives fit for the place. What with the war and reconstruction and the disqualifying acts of Congress, it may be safely said that

Grant would have been puzzled to find a suitable Southern lawyer who could have taken the oath of office. He had, therefore, no choice. A Northern man must be nominated. The Southern senators, then, who opposed the President's selection must be held either to have desired the appointment of an unfit man, or else they must have had some further reason which they did not choose to avow. The former alternative is of course the most probable. The truth must be told, however, that, beneficial as reconstruction has been in other respects, the class of Southern politicians whom it has brought to the surface, and into whose hands it has given the reins of government, are as poor a race of men as ever manipulated caucuses or called conventions. They form, in fact, one of the most gigantic "rings" at present existent in the country, organized in the most careful manner throughout the South, solely for the purpose of perpetuating their own rule. This ring it is which in the main elects every Southern senator, and it is, of course, in the interest of the ring that the Southern senators vote. What they wanted at this time was, not a wise judge, nor a learned judge, nor an upright judge, but a judge of their own kind; and we have no hesitation in saying that they would have cheerfully supported the nomination of a native of Alaska, if they could have had assurances that he would have decided cases in the "carpet-bag" interest. The "shriek of locality" coming from these men is indeed one of the most amusing that was ever shrieked in the political world, because they owe their own seats to a party which has attained power by disregarding every claim of the sort. So much for locality. We think it is evident, from what we have already said, that the first objection against Judge Hoar was not weak, but was really an argument in his favor.

The other objections were, first, that he was an "enemy of Cuba"—an objection which, being interpreted, means that he has declined to advise the President to acknowledge the existence of a fact which he knew did not exist; that, as Attorney-General, he has lent all the weight of his character and intellect against infractions of law; in the second place, that his Texas opinion was not such a document as would have been written by the Hon. Fernando Wood; in the third place, that his views of politico-legal questions do not entirely coincide with those of Mr. Wade or Mr. B. F. Butler—in other words, that to the Radicals he seems a Conservative, and to Conservatives a Radical. To sum up all these various objections in one—he was objected to as having a judicial mind. This was his fault; he was not a rabid partisan. If he had been, he would have been confirmed. So far, we have considered solely the avowed reasons for the rejection of the nomination. There was probably another one, not avowed, and which is hardly capable of being put into words, but which "the average American" would probably describe by saying that there was "too much Boston" about him. "Boston," to the ordinary citizen in other parts of the country, does not mean the collection of houses, streets, and persons designated in geographies by that term, but an impalpable, subtle essence pervading men's manners, and their way of looking at men and things, and conveying the impression to the beholder that, in the opinion of Bostonians, other Americans are also God's creatures, and have been endowed by him with many fine qualities, and will probably, with time and care, come out all right in the end. But then this was not an objection which it was possible to produce in the Senate. The Westerner and Southerner reserve it for the cloak-room and the bar-room and the railroad car.

To look at the question from another point of view, it may be said, and has been said, that the real reason was the unpopularity of the nominee. This, it must be admitted, is a subject of no small delicacy, and we approach it with great caution, because we are well aware that with a certain class of people the reputation of being unpopular is the one sin never to be forgiven. Highway robbery, arson, murder—all these may be repented of, and being after all, it is said, at the most merely the results of a subjective tendency—of an affection of the mind—may be forgiven when repentance is followed by sincere exertions in the right direction; but with the unpopular man the case is different. This is no subjective difficulty which a subjective effort may remove. The stigma upon his fame is objective, visited upon him from outside; indelible, perennial, damning. The people have set their brand upon his brow, and it is a brand which the people rarely, if ever, remove.

With the class we have in view (and we mean chiefly the political class), to be unpopular is to have been formally excommunicated and outlawed for the nameless sin. To illustrate what we mean, let us select an instance from the recent history of this city. The fate of Marshal Barlow probably serves in many a politician's mind as an awful warning to himself and his descendants against the sin of unpopularity. "My son," we seem to hear such a one say, "if by any evil chance you should ever be tempted to wander from the straight path marked out for you by the voice of the people, as recorded in the great daily journals of this broad land, recollect that there was once a marshal of the city of New York who attempted the same thing. Forgetting the favors he had received at their hands, he turned upon them, and, like a thief in the night, he made himself unpopular. But mark his fate. His paltry excuses were unheeded, and in less than six months the people passed him by, and his own conscience—such is the effect of remorse—drove him into a retirement from the office which his unpopularity had disgraced."

Will the politician of the future render the same verdict in the case of the Attorney-General that the politician of to-day renders in the case of his subordinate? To say he is unpopular is the first step; to oust him from office is the next. The main question, at present, is, whether he is actually unpopular. To say he is so throughout the country at large is, of course, absurd, because he is hardly known at all throughout the country at large. To say that he is so among the office-seeking and office-dividing rings of Washington is no doubt true; but what is the precise meaning of this unpopularity? It means precisely this: that he has refused to degrade the Government by rendering dishonest opinions; that he has refused to degrade the public service by placing incompetent men in office; that he has avoided both extremes of partisan zeal, and not allowed the whisperings of malice to divert him from the path which his convictions pointed out; that he has performed the duties of his office with a keen intelligence and steady integrity that ought to make him a model for all his successors. And this it is which has made him unpopular with the time-servers who seek to make political capital out of what they choose to call the badness of Grant's nominations. For six months we have heard their virtuous outcries, and were at first inclined to trust their professions. But now we have had an opportunity of testing the real value of their homilies, and gauging the precise amount of their interest in the public service. In Hoar's case they had an excellent nomination to act upon, and no public clamor to terrify them, yet they have had the hardihood to reject the nomination, and the only ground the rejection can find to stand upon is the unpopularity of high character in a public man. Now let them confirm Sickles, and nothing will be wanting to complete the farce of the "reform movement" in the Senate.

"PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH."

It is an acknowledged fact that children of German immigrants cease to speak German properly if left to themselves, or to the mere practice afforded in the intercourse with their parents, and that the second generation, under the same conditions, almost wholly loses, if not the knowledge, at least the faculty of speaking the native tongue of their grand-parents. The language hardly forms even a connecting link between the different decades of immigration. In 1819 the Germans of Philadelphia, then the most German city of this country, were no longer able to keep the records of their "society" in German, immigration having all but ceased in consequence of the great continental wars. In New York, where immigration was smaller still, the Germans were in 1794 already unable to write German. A child born here naturally receives impressions from its surroundings only. The air it breathes, the language it hears, the commonwealth in which it grows up—in short, all its relations to the outward world, are American. What a child hears about Germany from its parents, and what it afterwards learns from books about it, are acquisitions, ideas, and conceptions, but no living views, no immanent reality. Thus, America, to those born here, is the native country, the home; Germany, naturally well-nigh as foreign as any other European country.

The exceptions to the rule that the grandchildren of immigrated Germans never speak German are to be found only in families of a higher

culture or in some out-of-the-way rural districts. The process of forgetting the mother-tongue and acquiring the new is constantly going on, and will continue as long as immigration lasts. It is the same with the descendants of all other aliens who come here, but it is most conspicuous in the case of the Germans on account of their larger numbers. If immigration from Germany were to cease—which it is far from doing at present—we should see but few German papers published in this country, while the Germans in political or in social life would as little form a separate class as they now do in business.

The majority of German-born citizens, however, have a vague notion that they can stop this inevitable tendency by having their children taught the German language, and hence their anxiety to get instruction in German introduced into the public schools. But, just as one may learn a foreign language without denationalizing himself, so he may adhere to the language of his forefathers and yet denationalize himself. The Pennsylvania-German native-born farmers were, at the time of the native American movement, the most pronounced Know-Nothings, and many of them are still so, as every "German" settling among them soon finds out; and yet they not only speak a German dialect, mixed with words Germanized from the English, but this, their ordinary language, is also spoken by their fellow-citizens and neighbors of Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, and African descent. Indeed, the writer of these lines has seldom been more surprised and at the same time moved to hearty laughter than at being addressed by a venerable negro in a Pennsylvania village in the most approved Pennsylvania-German dialect, and with all the *nuances* with which that dialect is spoken by immigrants from the Palatinate or their descendants in Pennsylvania, this very day, to the sixth generation. The idea of an African acquiring, not the German language, but a dialect of it, and that thoroughly—connecting, by the association of ideas, African barbarism with the particularism of a small German territory—seemed at first highly ludicrous. It was contrary to all experience in regard to the capacity of that race to acquire foreign idioms, while it proved, besides, the tenacity with which the dialect has taken root in that section, and thus outlived the language itself—the "Hochdeutsch" or High German originally spoken by German immigrants and lost by the second generation.

The importance of dialects has at times been undervalued by scholars; but it is now perceived that they are the roots out of which a language grows, and from which it constantly draws new nourishment. From them only arises the language of letters, or, as Max Müller expresses it, the "Hochsprache." Jacob Grimm, in his history of language, compares them to a comfortable morning-gown, in which you feel at ease, but in which you do not venture to go out. In them the greatest wealth of a language lies hidden, and it may be conceded that for the German they have been of more importance than for other languages, on account of the greater number of tribes composing the nationality. Grammars of Low-German as well as of High-German dialects have of late been published in Germany, and the success which works written in dialects have met with there shows a strong scientific and popular movement in their favor. Nor can we wonder that it be so. Fritz Reuter, the Low-German poet, owes his success not less to the poetical merit and unsurpassed humor of his works than to the happy idea of writing them in a dialect. At first it might seem as if readers not yet acquainted with it might be repulsed rather than attracted, most of them being obliged to take pains to read it; but Germans are apt to overlook that difficulty for the enjoyment they find in being reminded of "home." As to the vitality of dialects, it may be mentioned that in the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, wrested from Germany by France centuries ago, the Alsatian-German dialect is still the language of the peasants, and that only recently have the inhabitants of the latter province petitioned the Emperor to have the German language introduced into the public schools.

The Pennsylvania German is a South German dialect, composed of dialects of Franconia, the Rhenish Palatinate, and Swabian and Allemannian districts, more or less interspersed with Germanized English words, according to the settlements in certain counties, while in some places there are no foreign additions at all observable. It took root with the first settlers in the State of Pennsylvania. Germans joined the expedition of Sir William Penn in 1682, and settled in the colony, together with the Quakers from England. At about that time Zinzendorf, the German count, who founded the religious sect of the Mennonites, removed hither from Moravia with a large number of his coreligionists, who settled in and west of the Lehigh Valley. The religious denomination of the "Dunkers," which originated in Southern Germany in the year 1708, also emigrated and settled here. The name "Dunkers," from the German dialectic word

dunken (High German *tauchen*, Engl. to dip) was originally given them as a nickname to distinguish them from the Mennonites. They are also called German-Baptists, while they call themselves Brethren. The early presence of these religious sects, who gave biblical names to their settlements, such as Lebanon, Bethlehem, Emmaus, Nazareth, Jordan, is clearly manifested, while more recent settlements mostly bear the names of their founders. Emigrants from Württemberg and the Palatinate settled under Conrad Weiser, "the Indian interpreter," west of Reading, as far as to the Susquehanna River, and near the Blue Mountains, at that time called the "Far West." Thus it will be seen that in Berks, Lebanon, Lehigh, and Northampton counties the Germans formed a majority of settlers, while in others of Eastern Pennsylvania they were at least equal in number to the English settlers. While divine service among the Pennsylvania Germans is held in High German, and the Bible as well as the hymn-book read in the same idiom by the people, the dialect is used in everyday life. Many Pennsylvania Germans of higher culture not only understand but also speak High German, but nevertheless they use the dialect in their intercourse with others, and among themselves, just as is the custom in Northern and Southern Germany.

The Pennsylvania German is about a medium between the soft Allemanian or Swabian and the hard, glib Low German. It has greater fluency than the High German because of its tendency to shorten words, thus: *heirn* (*heire*), *H. G.* heirathen, *E.* to marry; *Bu* (pl. *Buwa*), *H. G.* Bube, boy; *hen*, *H. G.* haben, to have; *gange*, *H. G.* gegangen, gone. Further, all words ending in High German in *en* lose the final *n*, as, *ruhe* for *ruhen*, to rest; with perhaps other alterations, as *gesche* for *gesehen*, seen. In the inflection of the German verbs *wollen* (will) and *sollen* (shall), the ending *ist* is changed whenever it occurs, in Pennsylvania German, into *tt*, thus: "*Was wilt?*" for "*Was willst du?*" *sott*, for *sollst*; and frequently also *tt* is changed into *tt*. Diphthongs are converted by doubling the first vowel, as *Beene*, *H. G.* Beine, legs; *Auge*, *H. G.* Auge, eye. Long *a* in German words becomes *o* in the Pennsylvania German dialect—e.g., *Jahr* from *Jahr*, year; *Hoor*, from *Haar*, hair; while short *o* becomes *u*, as in *kumme* from *komme*, come; *genumme* from *genommen*, taken; *schun* from *schon*, already; and *i* becomes *e*—e.g., *Hert* from *Hirt*, shepherd; *Werth* from *Wirth*, landlord. This applies chiefly to monosyllables.

The past tense of verbs is used to the almost entire exclusion of the preterite. "*Veni, vidi, vici*," for instance, would be translated by a Pennsylvania German: "*Ich bin gekumme, ich hab' gesehe, ich hab' gesiegt* (*H. G.* Ich kam, sah, und siegte). There is an aversion to the genitive, instead of which the dative is used. Thus: "*Dem Mann sei' Buch*," the man's book. Constructions are seldom borrowed from the English. A rare instance is the phrase, "*Er geht auf sei' Freund' zurück*," he goes back on his friends.

Intermixtures from the English are of course numerous. Nouns are mostly appropriated and used without changing their pronunciation, thus: Store, Bill, Poorhouse, Barrel, "Dady," and Kepers (capers). In the case of verbs the root only is taken from the English, while the termination and pronunciation are Germanized. For example: *travele* (three syllables), *organize*, *spärke*, *fixe*, *fighte*, *smoke*, *settle*, *obsarve*, *desarve*, *skippe*, etc. This sort of assimilation is constantly taking place, largely assisted by the younger generation; and it depends on the amount of fresh immigration whether the dialect in a given county shall be more or less Anglicized. Of single words we may instance: *nied*, *H. G.* nett, neat; *law-frei*, *H. G.* vogel-frei, law-free. The latter word is used between would-be combatants, when one asks the other, "*Consider'scht de dich law-frei?*"—meaning if his adversary, in accepting the fight, will forego the benefit of the law in case he gets worsted. *Nau*, *H. G.* jetzt, now; *gelischt*, *H. G.* angeworben, enlisted; *sinter*, *H. G.* seither, since; *schm*, *H. G.* derselbe, same.

But we shall do best to offer a sample of this curious dialect as printed, and, therefore, append an apothecary's placard, from the *Father Abraham* print in Reading. This, as may be guessed, is the name of a paper, founded in the interest of the late President Lincoln, and which really gave its candidate, at both elections, very effective support where it was much needed. It now regularly publishes a column in the dialect under consideration. The poster can be readily interpreted by one familiar with German, save, perhaps, in a few places. The head-line means "Just look here once!" (*amohl* = einmal), reminding us of what we used to hear in '63, in the Cotton Factory Hospital at Harrisburg: "Doctor, won't you look at me once?" from patients who had been attended to forty times at least. *Proviere* stands for *H. G.* probiere es, try it. And finally, we may note the mongrel *g'used*:

GOOK YUSHT AMOHL DOH!

Monsieit un Weltsieit!!

BUWA UN MÄD—YUNG UN OLTY.

ATTENTION!!

DER EAGLE DRUG SHTORE!

Der Besht un der Wholfesht!

WM. S. SEAGER, OBBADEAKER.

In der Dritt Shtrose, Sued Bethlehem.

Olsfort uf hond, olly sorta fun de beshty Drugs un Meditziena, un on de wholfeshty prices. Also, Paint, Oehl, Glaws, Varnish, &c. Mer hen aw an neier article dos gor net gebutta kunn warra; es is de baremt

"SALTED SODA"

un wärd g'used for seaf kocha. Proviere amohl—de Directions we mers braucht geana mit. Om Eagle Drug Shstore is aw der platz for

PATENT MEDITZIENA, BITTERS, &c., &c., &c.,

Fun olly oit, un on de wholfeshty prices. Also, Coal-Oehl, Lompa, Wangashmeer, &c., &c.

Now mind was mer sawya; mer hen olles uf hond was mer denka kunn in unser line of business. We g'sawt, unser prices sin wholfeshter dos in enenichem onnera Drug Shstore im County. Ferges't net der platz.

IN DER DRITT SHSTROSE UNNICH DER LOCUST, SUEB BETHLEHEM.

Now is de tseit: macht eich bei, un judg'd for eich selwer; kummt in foor weasa, uf horse back, uf em Railroad odder ten toos—mer sin gor net particular wie, yusht so dos der kummt on

DER EAGLE OBBADEAK IN SUEB BETHLEHEM.

Un bringt eier greenbacks mit. Wholfesht for Cash—sell is unser style.

WILLIAM S. SEAGER,

OBBADEAKER.

August 28, 1869.

This dialect used to be heard a good deal in Philadelphia, among the market-people from Berks, Lancaster, and Lehigh; but it has been crowded out by the public schools, and has met the disfavor of those who consider it a debased and degenerate speech. An effort is now making to resuscitate it, and there are two parties disputing as to the proper spelling of it. Many Pennsylvania Germans speak English and High German correctly, but prefer speaking the dialect. Its literature, however, is very limited as yet, consisting of a few works of fiction, and of lyric poems and sketches, which have occasionally appeared in the German press of the State. A collection of these has lately been published by L. A. Wollenweber. The fact that the High German is gaining ground through recent immigration will tend to clear the dialect of the English adulterations, and the former will at the same time itself profit by the adoption of numerous old and vigorous words which the dialect has stored away. The Pennsylvania German Press Association, which meets this week in Philadelphia, purposes to aid in this purification by urging that instruction in High-German be made part of the teaching of the public schools throughout the State, whereas it is now taught only in certain counties. In the cities, however, the English is fast superseding the dialect as the language of business.

FRANCE—THE NEW MINISTRY—THE THEATRE.

PARIS, December 10.

THERE is no doubt of the effect produced by M. de Forcade's extraordinary speech. What will come of it in the end is quite another question; but, for the moment, it is the event of the day, and the curiosity to know its real meaning is intense. The larger number of persons take it to mean the maintenance of the present ministry as it is now constituted; some, who pass for both wise and well informed, say: "No! it is not the sign of the maintenance of the actual ministry, but merely of the possible working together of M. de Forcade and Émile Ollivier." As the source whence I derive what I am now telling you is a reliable one, I will repeat what is the conviction of persons who ought to know:

When first Ollivier was summoned by the Emperor at the opening of the session, he declared that it was impossible for him to act with M. de Forcade, and that he would accept the formation of a Cabinet, but not the co-operation of M. de Forcade in a Cabinet which he, Ollivier, had not formed. There was but one opinion amongst all impartial people, and that was, that Ollivier was thoroughly right, and that the one impossible element in a so-called Liberal Ministry was M. de Forcade. The elections had been made by him; all corruption and all despotism which had been exercised during the electoral period were traceable directly to M. de Forcade. He was the head and chief of the system, to reform if not to overthrow which M. Ollivier was about to be called in.

It was plain, with M. de Forcade Émile Ollivier could not act. It remained, therefore, a discussion whether the genuinely Liberal Cabinet was to be established or not—for, if it was to be so, Émile Ollivier was to be its head, and no other; and above all, no sign was to subsist of M. de Forcade or his principles. So matters lasted for some days, and the various evolutions of the different parliamentary factions of the Chamber succeeded each other, and the Right joined with the Centre, and the Left Centre gave signs of conciliation, and a very Liberal majority was on the eve of formation, when all

at once M. de Forcade took his place at the tribune, and the entire aspect of affairs was altered. "What!" cries the Absolutist Minister of the late elections, "you ask for liberty? but we mean to give you more liberty than you have ever dreamt of! We are Ultra-Liberals! You were told the other day that 'order' could be answered for—well, order is safe; and now we mean to grant every liberty that France desires! We are all completely converted—all resolved that the country shall have no freedom left to ask for; and, as you have wished to see me at the tribune, here I am, and these are my declarations!" To be sure this is an epoch of "surprises," and the astonishment created by the Bishop of Orleans's sudden reversion to Gallicanism was not stronger than that effected by M. de Forcade's speech. Both were, to use a vulgar expression, "stunners."

Well, now for the explanation: the best informed pretend that this move of the Minister of the Interior is not an attempt to maintain the existing Cabinet in power (which every one thinks is impossible), but that it is simply the act whereby he, M. de Forcade, renders himself personally possible as Émile Ollivier's colleague. There is no doubt that Émile Ollivier is placed by M. de Forcade's new attitude in a very perplexing position; for a plain, downright opposition to the Minister is no longer so easy as it was; and if Ollivier consents to work with him he does not gain his great point—namely, the achievement of ministerial responsibility for France. M. Rouher, who was got rid of in the Chamber of Deputies, and embalmed in the Senate, has more than come to life again. M. de Forcade has more oratorical talent, as he has just proved, than M. Rouher, besides a boldness that M. Rouher wholly wanted. He possesses to the highest degree the oratorical attributes; his voice is extremely fine, and he knows how to use it; his gestures are few and imposing; he is as unscrupulous as M. Rouher, but far more political. His speech of the other day was more than an oratorical display; it was an oratorical act, and a successful one. All this combines to make of the present Minister of the Interior a very dangerous man; for no one believes that his Liberalism is sincere, yet he has made it difficult now to unseat him.

Another surprise, but of a different kind, has been produced by Rochefort. Casting the skin of the popular declaimer of Belleville and the socialist clubs, and of the satirist of the *Figaro*, Rochefort, irreproachably dressed, well-combed (and driven to the House in an austere elegant *coupé*), distinguishes himself by the quiet appearance of his manners and the good sense of what he says. As yet he is quite unobtrusive, and, by extreme firmness and quietness, gets a hearing for all he says. The ladies who daily frequent the Chamber have all decided that "il est très-bien." The Emperor may have indulged in a laugh at the mention of M. Rochefort's name on the occasion of the opening of the Legislature (the Emperor was at the Louvre that day and had it all his own way); but the Comte de Rochefort de Laçay took his revenge amply, two days ago there, where he as a deputy was "at home." When the assembly was perfectly quiet, and there was a lull in the general excitement, Rochefort alluded with a graceful kind of irony to what had passed, and said: "It is stated the chief of the state held me to be a fit subject for ridicule. Well, all I can say is that I never paraded myself anywhere with a tame eagle on my wrist!" The effect was irresistible. The tone was so calm and inoffensive, and the image evoked was so true and ludicrous, that "Monsieur le Comte de Rochefort" had "les rieurs de son côté" against his imperial adversary.

To turn from politics to the drama and to literature, there are two things which have produced a great sensation: one, the tremendous success of a new actress; the other, the failure of an old author. The piece at the Gymnase, "Frou-Frou," and Mlle. Desclée as the heroine, is the evening occupation of all Paris. Everybody who is anybody must have seen "Frou-Frou," or be ranked as nobody. It is, as I remarked in one of my late letters, another attack upon *la cocodetterie*, another attempt to vindicate honesty and morality, and to throw odium upon the fast clique which has brought so much disgrace socially upon France. In the play itself, and the manner in which it is written, there is but little talent, but the subject and, above all, the tendency are thoroughly congenial to the present temper of the public mind, and Mlle. Desclée is a dramatic genius—a "revelation," as they style it here! There is, consequently, more than enough to account for the vogue of "Frou-Frou," and the vogue is immense.

What is perhaps less explicable is the total failure of M. Augier's new piece. "Lions et Renards" is not very inferior to some of Émile Augier's creations which have had a great success; but it would seem not to square precisely with the humor of the public, and it is (as so many of Augier's productions are) entirely without elevation or ideal. It was extremely well acted by the *dite* of the Théâtre Français—by Brepaut, Delaunay,

and Mlle. Favart; but of its complete failure there can be no doubt; and so much so that many of Augier's friends advise him to withdraw it from the stage.

The movement here in the way of literature and art is well worth studying just now. There is a fierce reaction against the so-called "école réaliste," and it is declared that the Théâtre Français has not done its duty in favoring as it has done all the dramas founded on adultery and crime and assize-court proceedings. The failure of Augier's play, however, puts the director of the Théâtre Français into a serious dilemma, for he had counted on "Lions et Renards" as a bridge over which to pass from the realistic drama to something more artistic. Augier's new piece is not precisely immoral, but it is uninteresting and commonplace, and has the one crowning fault that it does not suit the public. But, then, what will? The director of the first theatre in France had thought of reviving Victor Hugo's plays; but the Government absolutely refused its permission. This permission is now granted; but it is asked, will "Marion Delorme" and others of its kind achieve the success of "Hernani"? There is the question, and the director of the Théâtre Français is putting it anxiously to himself.

Another course is open to him, and he is strongly urged to resort to it. This is no other than to revive some of the genuine classical dramas of the old répertoire. The two suggested are "The Cid" and "Bérénice"—the former Corneille's, the latter Racine's. Delaunay and, above all, Mlle. Favart are exceedingly anxious to appear before the Parisian public in the characters of the classic stage, and it is asserted that the essay will be made. Of "The Cid" I think it would be unsafe to predict anything; but "Bérénice" might possibly have a very great success. It is the least known of Racine's plays abroad, and perhaps the most beautiful, certainly the most touching. It is essentially modern and sentimental, and in no novel of George Sand's is there a more close and affecting analysis of the human heart. It runs entirely on the separation of Titus from Queen Bérénice, whom in the end he sacrifices to Rome and to his public duty. It is a thorough home drama, and I have no doubt that, played by Delaunay and Mlle. Favart, it would for a time captivate the public.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE *Graphic*, a new illustrated paper, published in London, and intended to beat the *Illustrated London News*, will call out some new designers for the press, and will cause increased activity among those artists already known in journalism. Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co., whether moved by the solicitation of the projectors of the new paper or obeying the spirit of enterprise which latterly has carried them so far into various fields, have decided on taking advantage of the opportunity offered them by this accession to the forces of pictorial journalism, and the eclectic reading-matter of *Every Saturday* will henceforth be supplemented by eclectic engravings. The pictures in the *Graphic*—as bad a name, by the by, as any one need desire—will be engraved on duplicate blocks, and will be printed almost simultaneously in the English paper and the American. The latter has been transformed into a sixteen page imperial folio, and is printed on paper peculiarly adapted to the display of highly-finished engravings. Du Maurier, say the publishers, Frith, Faed, Marcus Stone, Sir Francis Grant, Le Jeune, Harrison Weir, and a score or two more, are among "the distinguished artists who will be represented"—by which somewhat ambiguous words it is perhaps meant that all the men named will work for the paper or, perhaps, some of them will only figure in it as being painters of pictures of which *Every Saturday* and the *Graphic* will give engravings. Whether our native artists are to expect any direct good from the new projects we do not know, but we see no mention made of any intention to employ them, and suppose that all the pictures as well as all the rest of the paper are to be borrowed from abroad. Indirect good they may probably get, for the familiarity of our public with well-executed engravings, after designs by the best English draughtsmen for the press, will, by and by, bear fruit in better work by American designers. *Every Saturday* will still give its accustomed quantity of selected reading. We may add that Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. intend making their Quarterly somewhat smaller. The *North American Review* for April next will contain two hundred pages, and thereafter that will be the regular number of pages. Rumors to the effect that the Social Science Association's proceedings will form a part of the contents of the *Review* are without foundation—figments of the brain, inventions of Boston correspondents of country papers.

—Nearly as much as Cambridge, Concord has celebrity among American towns as being the home of men of genius and literary culture. We do not ourselves feel any thrill when we think of the works of Mr. Channing, resident in Concord, whom Mr. Emerson is said to have called "the poets' poet;" nor should we grieve if we never tasted the books of Mr. Thoreau again, fresh a taste as they leave on the palate; nor is the perusal of Mr. Bronson Alcott's works, nor the listening to his discourses, among our desires; neither are we attracted by Margaret Fuller much more than by the half a dozen American women whom the countess would have talked deaf, dumb, and blind in the less aesthetic half of a short evening. That all these authors live or lived beautiful lives we concede, for it is often said by people who know; but we find ourselves willing and, indeed, not unanxious to live our own beautiful life at a convenient distance from most of them. As the bad Democrat would not go to Mr. Lincoln's house, fearing that if he did he should like him too much, and should afterwards be ashamed to abuse him and to "filibuster" in the House, so we find ourselves turning our back upon Concord, and professing to be bored when its name is mentioned. In this habit we are greatly strengthened and confirmed, we may add, by the noise about Concord things kept up by the second and third-rate luminaries of that place, and by some of the more intelligible among the many scatterbrained pilgrims to the shrine—by the excessive Concordism of those flowers which are not the rose but which have lived near it, and which smell of it as hard as they can. There are plenty such. Did it not much amuse Miss Bremer when she was in this country to find in the parts adjacent to Concord many delicate, æsthetic persons who took in daily some three or four pounds of transcendental ice, and thereupon behaved as if the eternal snows of the highest Concord peaks were theirs in fee? Still, "there is Concord," as Webster said; and the American lover of literature must say it in his capacity of lover of literature no less gratefully and respectfully than in his capacity of lover of his country. Hawthorne lived there, and Emerson lives there; thence proceeded and proceeds the best work yet done in American literature, and the most fruitful native influence that has yet reached the scholarly mind of the country. At all events, it is with Concord that Hawthorne is associated in the popular mind; and as for Emerson, it may be said that his home has always been there. Many persons, then, both here and abroad, will be pleased to hear of the new book of Concord Sketches which Messrs. Ticknor & Fields are about to publish—or, rather, of which they are selling at private sale a small edition. It is a large folio volume, containing twelve photographs from sketches made by Miss May Alcott. Each one represents some scene in the village and its environs which has found mention in the books of Hawthorne, Emerson, Alcott, and Thoreau. "The rude bridge that arched the flood"—

"Where once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world;"—

the Old Manse; the hut of Walden Pond, where the conceited and perverse Thoreau played hermit in so curious a fashion; Emerson's house; Hawthorne's wayside bench; and half a dozen more spots—some of them known to the admirers of the poet and the romancer, and none of them without interest—have given Miss Alcott her subjects. The sketches are not pretentious at all, but they answer their purpose very well indeed. That is, they do if they are as truthful as we suppose—a point we cannot settle. Thinking of the bad mess of it which an Idle Scholar has just made in her memorial volume of Bryant's honor, we do not know whether or not to say that the book would have been better if there had been more letterpress. There is a very little; enough to serve as the titles of the pictures.

—There are few tracts on the Atlantic seaboard, of equal size, which, physically or politically, surpass in historic interest the outlying fragment of New England known as Long Island. For thorough study, too, it offers peculiar advantages, and any one tolerably acquainted with it must have been glad to hear of the founding of the "Long Island Historical Society" in 1863, and to know of its brilliant development since that date. The striking facts of its growth are: that it now reckons 300 life members, 958 annual members, and 59 honorary and corresponding members; that its library contains more than 17,000 bound volumes, and about 20,000 unbound volumes and pamphlets, "especially rich in the departments of American History and Biography, French History, the History of Fine Art, of the Natural Sciences, and of the Science and Art of Medicine;" that its library fund is \$70,000; and that it now has a building fund which promises soon to secure for the Society suitable and permanent accommodations, with increased usefulness. History and natural history are the principal fields of its activity, and the latter is illustrated by a museum rich in collections pertaining to the island, but also in portraits, busts, bronzes, medals, and curiosities from all parts of the world. These two

departments are also the occasion of lectures for members and their families, to whom the reading room is always open. And, finally, the Society has a publishing fund, well bestowed, which enables it to publish "Memoirs" as rapidly as they are disposed of—a condition which is to some extent, and was probably meant to be, a measure of the Society's vitality. The general public, however, are directly interested in the two volumes thus far issued—the "Journal of a Voyage to New York and a Tour in several of the American Colonies in 1679–80, by Jasper Dankers and Peter Sluyter" (1867), and "The Battle of Long Island," just issued. The former described the adventures of a couple of Dutch Labadists, precursors in this country of a religious colony afterwards established in Maryland, and which survived the parent society in Friesland. Their testimony of what they saw is remarkably minute and altogether trustworthy; and the maps and drawings which accompany the original manuscript and are here reproduced in fac-simile, portraying the size, condition, and surroundings of New York City at the time they visited it, have, we presume, a very high value. In Cambridge, Mass., their expectations of the college and printing-office there were greatly disappointed; in Boston they found the ministers' prayers too long, but they were well pleased with the Apostle Eliot, whom they called on in Roxbury. The present volume was prepared by Mr. Thomas W. Field, and is the work of a specialist. The battle which it traces by means of maps and contemporary documents was a national event, and on this account should find a wide circle of readers outside of the Society, while at the same time it will peculiarly attract attention in Brooklyn. Both memoirs confirm the good judgment of the publishing committee, of which the Rev. Dr. Storrs is chairman; and to say that he has been foremost in promoting the progress of the Society is to speak only a portion of the praise due him. The men whom he has gathered to his support are of a kind that give liberally during their lives, and in their wills do not forget the objects which have been dear to them.

—A list of the benefactors of the Brooklyn Mercantile Library would agree in large part with that of the Historical Society. That is to say, there is no lack of public spirit on the other side of the river. Of the two the Library answers best the popular need, of course; and since it has been removed to its present quarters, its capacity has been much enlarged, and its rate of increase correspondingly quickened. In the first *Bulletin* just issued by the librarian, the number of volumes is set at 24,000, and it is estimated that four years hence they will be doubled. The collection will still not be large, when compared with other city libraries; but it will more than meet the ordinary demand upon it—that of a circulating library. Meantime, any book not already on its shelves will be procured at the instance of any member, unless for some good reason to the contrary. In respect to current periodical literature, the reading-rooms are unusually well supplied. The *Bulletin* has a classified catalogue of the books added during the first ten months of the present year, the author's name being prefixed to each title, except under the head of novels. It should not be forgotten that after the closer connection with Brooklyn promised us by the bridge, this and the Historical Society's library will be in a sense annexed to New York; and by day it will probably be easier to consult either of them than the Mercantile or Astor Library up town. The *Bulletins* might, therefore, well be preserved for reference.

—The University Lectures on philosophy and literature at Harvard College have had better success than was at first expected, and are not only to be continued, but are to be enlarged. Next year there will be a greater number of lecturers and a larger variety of subjects; and each lecturer will deliver more lectures. It is understood that the future pupil, who may wish to hear some one particular lecturer or to pursue some particular branch of study, will not be required to pay the price of admission to all the lectures of the philosophical course or the literary, as the case may be, but will be permitted to choose what lectures he will hear and what decline to hear; and will be asked to pay only for what he chooses. Thus, a man or woman who is anxious to hear what some one man has to say about logic will not be obliged, in order to do so, to pay for the lectures on metaphysics of half a dozen men from whom he does not care to learn. And the courses will be so arranged that closely-connected subjects will be treated of at about the same time, and thus no long period of residence will be necessary for attending on the instruction of the three or four or five men whom the student of a given subject may wish to hear. The names of the new lecturers are not yet fully decided upon.

—A valuable work which has been till now appearing in parts is just concluded—Dr. A. S. Packard, jr.'s "Guide to the Study of Insects, and a treatise on those injurious and beneficial to crops: for the use of colleges, farm-schools, and agriculturists" (Salem). It is one of the fruits of the

Peabody Academy of Science, and in every particular of text, illustrations, and manufacture, is thoroughly well done. We are glad to learn through the *American Naturalist* that the first edition has been exhausted, and that the "Guide" is already in use as a text-book. The practical side of it will in time ensure its purchase by most intelligent farmers and gardeners, for whom an entomological calendar is affixed that should prove a useful warning against insect pests.

THE LAST OF THE CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

"ERLING THE BOLD"* breathes a spirit which perhaps meets with more favor in England and with English school-boys than here, where athletics, and personal daring for the sake of gratifying the Berserker spirit and not for the attainment of any definite object, are not held in the highest esteem. "To do" something—that is, to have a business and follow it closely—is so much the rule in this country that there is hardly one of the American men who are most nearly boys' heroes who has not performed his exploits as means to a tangible and mercantile end. If he has shot rapids and lived in snow-drifts, it has been as a peltry hunter; if he has fought grizzlies, it has been as a route-explorer or gold-digger; if he has stood sieges by Indians or taken the war-path himself, it has been in the interest of stock-raising or the clearing of his "quarter-section." Still, a boy is a boy, whether or not he is going to be a Yankee afterwards; and this story, taken from the Icelandic sagas—a record of fierce fighting and bold sailing, of the prowess of the vikings and their sea-kings, of the treacheries skilfully planned and skilfully thwarted and bloodily punished—is so full of energy, and courage, and excitement, that it will be a favorite on this side of the water as well as in the native home of the brutal young Muscular Christian. And perhaps our young Nervous Pagan, as some one has abusively called the æsthetical but rather thin young Unitarian and eclectic philosopher who is not uncommon in parts of the old thirteen colonies, may have more need than we think to read books like this of Mr. Ballantyne's; and its effect here may be more purely good than in its own country. We must not forget to say that "Erling the Bold" is not without historical value, and is all the more to be put into the hands of young readers because, interesting as is the history of the Norsemen, it has yet to be put into a readable form in English. There is, indeed, a little volume of Scandinavian history by Professor Sinding; but that it is generally readable is rather more than we would undertake to say.

For a thousand years, we suppose, we shall have books like Mr. Alger's "Rough and Ready,"† and, as they say in the South, for our own part "we have no use for them." From the South, by the way, has recently come something that may be taken as a good enough criticism of all the sort of literature to which "Rough and Ready" belongs. For years Mr. Parker Pillsbury was a praiser of the negro. Old farmers still walk among us who have many a time put their dinners into little tin pails, and, driving away from home in the morning of a Sunday, have hitched their horses to the fence around some remote district school-house, and listened by the hour together, forenoon and afternoon, while Mr. Pillsbury denounced slavery, banned the slaveholder, and held up the negro to admiration. He seemed to think that "Uncle Tom" was a fair average type of the Southern agricultural laborer; and as he had not himself had any very large personal knowledge of the negro's nature and habits, there is little doubt that he had formed his opinion from the writings and the talk of men and women who habitually overstated the excellences of the slave's character, and habitually understated or concealed his grave defects. But now, within the year, Mr. Pillsbury has paid a visit to some parts of the South, and, hearing his present talk about the negro, one is forced to think that he is experiencing the full force of the reaction caused by the sudden confronting of the ideal negro in his own mind with the actual negro of South Carolina. He is almost as inaccurate and unjust and unwisely despondent to-day as ten or fifteen years ago he was unwisely and unjustifiably hopeful and confident. We do not know if he is feeling any resentment against himself and others for having misled him; but it would be natural if he should; and, as everybody knows who knows of Adam's fall, and of the conflict with slavery, there is a good deal of human nature in Mr. Pillsbury. There is more or less of it in us too, and we confess to some dislike of master "Rough and Ready;" for, clearly, he is going to deceive many who believe in him. He is a most noble, generous, just newsboy—full as he can hold of good thoughts and good works. But will Mr. Alger figure to himself, now, some nice little boy, with a clean collar on, and his hair neatly brushed,

and with fists not quite so hard as brass knuckles, and a face unmarked by war-paint, and a hat somewhere near the size of his head? And now, next, will he please figure this pride of his mamma undertaking a half-hour's stay in Printing House Square when the young gentlemen who sell extras are congregated there? Or the City Hall Park will do, and the array of boot-blacks will answer the purpose as well as their friends the newsboys; they are equal in attainments and character. And, having obliged us so far, will Mr. Alger maintain that either of them would not certainly, in a very brief time, cause a temporarily complete and painful change in our clean young wayfarer's views of life? So far as we have the pleasure of his acquaintance, the newsboy indulges but very few of the softer emotions. He smokes ends of cigars which he picks up in the street; he much prefers lemonade from the street stalls to the performance of good actions; he would far rather see virtue defended up in the Bowery Theatre than rescue little girls from cellars in which their stepmothers ill-use them; it has been doubted, indeed, if he has ever conceived of virtue without a basket-hilted sword and a white dress presenting themselves to his imagination at the same time. That he ever volunteered to wake up a drunken gentleman who had fallen asleep in a ferry-boat, no one will believe who is in the habit of crossing the North or East Rivers. In short, he is not pious, and does not order his life well; and there is a certainty that whoever bases his notions of the newsboy's character on a belief in the truthfulness of Mr. Alger's romance will get false notions of the character of the average newsboy, and most probably will not get true notions of the character of any newsboy, average or otherwise, who has ever with free foot trod the foot-stool. And, next, perhaps the real newsboy will reveal himself to this deceived reader of "Rough and Ready;" and from that day out we have in him an enemy of the Newsboy's Home, and a man who peremptorily declines to contribute anything towards giving the young gentlemen their Thanksgiving dinner. As it happens, Mr. Alger has no excuse that we hear of for doing as he has done. The newsboy is not a Christian of the first two centuries; but he has his good points, too; and at any rate he is an interesting figure as he stands. He is affable, a good comrade, shrewdly intelligent, very enterprising, laborious, frequently civil, good-natured in all weathers, not seldom witty, and, although intolerant if his preserves are poached upon, capable of charity and generosity. Under temptation, and in the way of business, he will tell falsehoods. His idea of a joke is, that, logically developed and carried out fully, the person on whom the jest is broken would suffer pain of body, acute and prolonged, as well as anguish of mind. He is ready at giving the lie to his young companions, and very ready with his fists, though he shows almost unerring judgment in the selection of the person on whom to exercise them. Profanity—and this often vociferously—is a vice that he practises. But after all is said, there is no need of depicting him in any imaginary aspect to make him both respectable and interesting. The newsboys who read "Rough and Ready," however they may approve it as a work of fiction, will say "my eye" when asked to lay it to heart and make it a practical guide. So, then the author has not benefited. And the layman will, as we have said, form false notions of the being which it is intended to depict; and that is never well.

"Joe and the Howards"* is a sensible, pleasant book that it will do most boys and girls good to read. "I think," says its author in the preface—for they have prefaces in children's books too—"I am right in supposing that a child's book should be at once instructive, entertaining, and true to nature." So she goes on to make a book by using what she herself has learned in some of her open-air study of natural history, choosing for presentation facts that the children may themselves observe any day that they like to look for them. But, facts being dry things, our author puts them into a story; and this she does so well—not making the story servile to the facts, as do most writers who make her attempt, and not giving us impossible personages, but personages really well drawn—that she fairly earns the praise she hoped for, of being both entertaining and true to nature. "Joe and the Howards" is primarily instructive, to be sure, but it is not so very obtrusively so, and its author is a writer whom the buyers of "juveniles" may very properly encourage.

"Stories from My Attic"† is a volume of graceful and gracefully written sketches and short stories—more or less fanciful, most of them—by the author of "Dream Children." There is just the least suggestion of undue delicacy and nicety in much of this author's writing, and he is perhaps more in sympathy with the pensive shade of his own youth than with the actual living youth incarnate in the boys and girls around him. It is as if a man of more refinement of feeling than strength of feeling,

* "Erling the Bold. By R. M. Ballantyne." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1870.

† "Rough and Ready. By H. Alger, Jr." Boston: Loring. 1870.

* "Joe and the Howards. By 'Carl.'" Boston: Andrew F. Graves. 1870.

† "Stories from my Attic. By the Author of 'Dream Children.'" New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1870.

and more tendency to reverie than to thinking, had set himself to writing for the young in the manner in which, some twenty years ago, Mr. Ik Marvel was writing for the callow. But this fault—for we call it so—is not nearly so manifest in "Stories from My Attic" as it seemed to us to be in "Dream Children." This year's book is as well finished in style as last year's, and that is saying a good deal, for the author of "Dream Children" is a writer who very sedulously elaborates his work. And in matter it is to our mind superior to its predecessor; for while it shows its author's grace of fancy and his gentle sympathies quite as well as that book does, it is, as we have said, decidedly less mild, and gentle, and pretty, and is more robust. Then, too, it is less subjective and more objective, although still the writer is often a little over the heads of the probable reader. What, for instance, will a small youth or maid do with the very pretty little piece called the "Rocket"? It would be worthy of Andersen if its significance had been a little more effectually clothed with the flesh and blood of probable, apprehensible incident. As it is, we have the moral for the man, but we hardly have the story for the child. Andersen gives the boy and girl his homely stories, and when the boy and girl are man and woman they discern that these things were a mystery, simple as they were; that the nut they used to play with has meat within; that the ugly duck is not always of the feathered kind. But it is hard thinking and not pleasing reverie which takes pretty suggestions and so works with them as to make of them parables and proverbs adapted to all men's use and all children's pleasure.

Krilof, the Russian fabulist, who flourished some hundred years ago, was one of the natural-born makers of parables, and the collection of his fables, in the manner of Æsop's, which Mr. W. R. S. Ralston has translated, is all good reading.* Several of the fables will be found to be new and the translation is tolerably easy English, though in this respect it might, without very much trouble, be bettered. In a prefatory note, in Russian, Mr. Ralston requests the Russians who may read the book not to hold him responsible for the pictures; but though they may, perhaps, be not very faithful to Russian life, they are certainly not bad as illustrating the fables. Apart from its general interest—or, we may say, its universal interest, for, usually, it deals with primary social facts, and often with facts of human nature wherever found—Krilof's book has some slight value for the light it throws on the ways of the Russian peasant and office-holder.

Mr. T. B. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy"† they have rather stupidly rechristened in England, and there it is the story of "a not very bad boy." He was indeed about as bad—our young hero who went to school at Rivermouth—as the boys usually are who get the name he got, and his English godfathers were not far out of the way. He is certainly an amusing and interesting person, and the narrative of his various adventures is such as boys will recognize as possible and probable, while the older reader will find in it a humorous and clever record of the impressions made upon them by boyish performances—whether their own as they recollect them, or those of boys who are living under their observant eyes. This is perhaps hinting pretty strongly that Mr. Aldrich's book produces a slightly confused impression, and that we have boy and man mingled in its pages in a way not possible out of literature, and in perfect literature not possible either. But perfect books are a little scarce, and so are pleasant books; and among the not many pleasant books for boys which this year has given us, the "Story of a Bad Boy" takes a high place. It is healthy reading, and may be safely commended to all buyers of holiday wares.

"Glimpses of Pleasant Homes"‡ any Roman Catholic boy or girl who is old enough to be somewhat thoughtful, will find enjoyable and profitable. It is well written, it is not controversial, and we have found it agreeable reading, because of its unaffected and unobtrusive piety and morality. The volume is exceedingly well printed, and as pretty in every way as needs be.

What to say about "The Mystic Bell"§ we do not very well know. It is an incoherent fairy story; and the cold, ungenial Reviewer, in presence of such productions, usually endeavors to shirk the performance of his duty—confesses that he is a creature of the mere understanding; that airy beauty knocks him speechless; that the higher reason and the imagination are wanting in him; that he has formed a

habit of measuring the most impalpable soul-essences by rule of thumb; that, in short, he does not know what on earth to say. He may have his doubts, however; as we have in this instance. We doubt if we should buy the "Mystic Bell" for our own offspring. Because, whatever good there may be hidden in it, there certainly is patent and staring a most violent tale of the wicked love which an Asiatic magician bore to a ravishing girl whom he destined to add to the one hundred and fifty maids whom, after pretending to marry them, he had by-and-by shut up in subterranean dungeons. And we find nothing among the wild improbabilities of the story—to call it so—which seems likely to dilute this potion to the degree suitable to untried stomachs. The illustrations by Mr. E. L. Kuntze are a trifle better than the text.

Everybody knows how the author of "Mary Powell" writes, and the book which she offers her friends for this holiday season is "a story of the Bible in Spain," under the title of "The Spanish Barber."* Just how true it all is we cannot say, and perhaps that same thing it might puzzle our author herself to tell; but it reads very well, and we may safely declare that there is nothing in it to offend the most confirmed Protestant. We are glad to mention it if only to praise George Borrow's very singular and excellent "Bible in Spain," which is so remarkably good, that how anybody but a professed book-maker could follow in his track we do not see. It is a pity that there is no complete edition of the works of an author who, besides being *sui generis*, is so instructive, so fresh and surprising, and so admirable a writer as Borrow almost always is. The novelists are very few who are so readable, the travellers are very few who have so much that is new to tell us, the historians are few who have given us more vivid pictures of the people whose story they have attempted to tell, and, as we have said, he adds to these merits, as a worker in literature, a singular charm of personality—or rather a spell compounded of curiosity as to such a mystery of a man, and of willing admiration for a person of such resource, intelligence, courage, and earnestness. He is a man too little known. It is, perhaps, in his "Bible in Spain" that he is best seen; but all that he has done is worth some attention.

One more book that we can cheerfully commend to the favorable attention of young readers is Mrs. H. C. Weeks's "White and Red"—a record of a stay at Red Lake, in Minnesota, among the Indians. It is done realistically, is apparently truthful, and is instructive, we take it, as well as much to be desired for its sledding, and shooting, and fishing, and wandering in the big pine forest of the North-west.

THE MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY.

THE *Atlantic* is true to our recently established American custom—a custom that seems not to be everywhere rooting itself vigorously—and gives us as contributors to this January number many very well known and some distinguished names. How entirely this is a stroke of publishers' business, and how little it can be said to be done in the interest of readers, and what it is that it tells us of the average magazine reader or of the publisher's estimate of him, any one may see who will take the trouble of looking back at the last few New Year's numbers of most of our magazines. The articles of distinguished merit he will find by no means so numerous as the distinguished contributors. And if he does not find some articles that have no merit whatever as reading matter, and whose whole value is value to the publisher, and whose value to the publisher lies in the names appended to them, he will be much luckier than we have thought ourselves—in our capacity of devourers of magazines—during these last three or four Januaries. It would be as well for the reader if the distinguished name merely were sold as in the old times in England, and nowadays, once in a while, in France, and if the real work were left to be done by some journeyman needing to turn a penny. And we were going to say it would be as well for the author; but the case is not altogether so bad as that, though nothing is surer than that the habit into which many men of distinction, both here and in England, have fallen—the habit of yielding to the solicitations of publishers and selling their signatures with comparatively worthless things attached, has cheapened many reputations, and has done serious hurt to literature in two ways—by fooling inexperienced readers and inexperienced writers into thinking poor or bad work good work, and also by inducing in able writers, who should be examples to others and strict masters of themselves, a disregard of the sound, profitable, only safe rule to do always their best.

* "Krilof. Translated by W. R. S. Ralston." New York: Geo. Routledge & Sons. 1869.

† "The Story of a Bad Boy. By T. B. Aldrich." Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1870.

‡ "Glimpses of Pleasant Homes. By a Member of the Order of Mercy." New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1870.

§ "The Mystic Bell." New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1870.

* "The Spanish Barber. By the Author of 'Mary Powell.'" New York: M. W. Dodd. 1870.

† "White and Red. By Mrs. Helen C. Weeks." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1870.

From a publisher's point of view the matter is, of course, different, and there is no doubt that, temporarily at least, he makes a pecuniary success by filling his table of contents with well-known names. The long run may be in this respect another affair. But the average reader of magazines cannot nerve his timorous poor soul into resisting—at least not into openly resisting—the index of contributors, whatever he may in his secret heart have been thinking of the relative merits of the anonymous system and the system of signatures; and however he may, when among his familiar friends and in his inner chamber, flout the name and fame of some of “our most cultivated and *recherché* essayists,” nevertheless, when the publisher gives him a little jog by means of one of those printed sheets of extracts which all the publishers now send to all the papers, at once he prepares his first class notice, and the distinguished names are published in the paper he controls or to which he has access. The newspapers are hundreds, no doubt, which within the last fortnight have been telling their subscribers that “the *Atlantic* for January is a rare treat, an unsurpassed number of this splendid magazine”—not because of Mr. Lowell's poem, and the sketch of life among the Isles of Shoals, and Mr. Howells's charming essay about the Boston and Cambridge horse-cars and they that go down therein, and the seasonable, instructive, and forcible article entitled “What to do with the Surplus,” but because “in its list of contributors we recognize the names of Colonel T. W. Higginson, one of our most scholarly and finished writers; of Bayard Taylor; of John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet; of William Cullen Bryant; of O. W. Holmes, who furnishes a charming sonnet, which our readers will find in another column; of W. D. Howells, a clever writer, whose style reminds us of that of the delightful author of ‘Dream Children’; of Doctor Hayes, the successor of the heroic E. K. Kane; of J. R. Lowell, and of Professor Goldwin Smith, who knows more, we guess, about ‘The Study of History’ than he does about our institutions. This is a roll of names that it would be hard to beat, and which speaks volumes for the enterprise of the publishers. There is also the usual variety of other interesting matter.”

Mr. Lowell's fine poem, “The Cathedral,” is already out, somewhat altered, in the form of a book, and we shall hereafter give to a notice of it greater space than we can give to it here. It is longer in the book than in the magazine. Mr. Whittier's “Nauhaught” is in what we think the author's best style; and if it were not, it could not be read without pleasure. Nauhaught is a convert from heathenism, who has been made a deacon of the church. In a time of distress, his wife being ill, and his boy starving, for there is neither bread nor medicine in his house, he walks out to examine the traps he has set, and goes into the woods with a heavy heart, although not without some hope, for he has dreamed of an angel from God, who, as it seems, met him, and gave him a bright piece of gold. Suddenly, as he is thinking of his troubles, for his traps he finds empty, he comes upon a purse with ten gold pieces. One needs not to have been born a savage and to have doubts about the superiority of one's fellow-deacons, who grow rich by selling fire-water to the Indians, to feel, under the circumstances, a temptation to appropriate such windfalls. But the old man resists; and returning to the village he seeks the loser of the purse, and finds him, at the tavern, in the shape of a sea-captain, who puts into his hands one of the ten coins. There is a touch of Mr. Whittier's peculiar unescapable dominating morality in the finding of the angel under the familiar pea-jacket and glazed hat of the Wellfleet skipper; but not the less is the piece very likable. It breathes of old New England; it is touching in its sympathy and benignity, and, like most of Mr. Whittier's work in blank verse, it is free from all his obvious minor faults. Doctor Holmes's and Doctor Parsons's poems are both sonnets, and Doctor Parsons's will please everybody who likes Guido's “Aurora.” Most of Doctor Parsons's poetry is of a kind to be called “occasional,” though perhaps hardly to be so called if we give that word its strict sense as applied to verses, and it would be, we suppose, impossible to find among American poets any one who has done so many so good occasional pieces. He is not, however, as are nine in ten of the occasionalists, a poet whose inspiration is all in the occasion; and in poetry, as in other things, it is requisite if one would fill a place well that he should be too big for it, and better than able merely to fill it. Mr. Bryant's lines are a part of his translation of the *Iliad*, and will confirm the reader in the impression he doubtless had since extracts from the new version began to appear—that Homer's weary waiting for a translator is not done yet. He always nods now, and was nearer waking a couple of hundred years ago than since rendering him into English has become another solace of English and American age.

“What to do with the Surplus” is a paper which will no doubt do much good, for it is written in such a way that it will attract perusal, and

that no one however unfamiliar with finance can fail to understand its author's meaning. “The Woman Thou gavest with me,” by Mr. Henry James, will be to many persons agreeable reading. For one thing, it proves that both parties to the woman's rights dispute are all wrong, or nearly so. Mr. Epes Sargent, and Mr. Mill, and Dr. Bushnell, and Mr. Fulton, and Dr. Todd, and G. F. Train, and the women of the *Revolution*—none of them has the rights of the matter; and none of them will, nor any more will any of the rest of us, till he or she comes to look on man and woman as “two contrasted terms of a great creative allegory in which man stands for what we call the World, meaning thereby human nature in moral or voluntary revolt from God; and woman, for what we call the Church, meaning thereby human nature in spiritual or spontaneous accord with its divine source.” Meantime, as in the days of Noah, the world, if it takes our advice, or even if it doesn't, will go on marrying and giving in marriage, and until the flood comes a certain number of the wedded, and a certain larger number of the unwedded, will have various notions as to what great moral allegory the estate of marriage illustrates.

Mr. Taylor's “Joseph and his Friend” we have not begun to read. “Was he Dead?” by an anonymous writer, is a story of a very unsatisfactory kind, but is not without some clever—too clever—conversation. “Among the Isles of Shoals,” by Celia Thaxter, is very good indeed. It is realistic in its description of the strange inhabitants of the very strangest part of New England—the part where the original stock has grown wild and borne the queerest and gnarliest fruit on the eastern coast of Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and the weather-beaten islands which lie adjacent.

Mr. Smith's “Study of History” is a lecture delivered at Cornell, and will not be found to contain much that is new by those who are acquainted with his published lectures. The opening remarks, however, on the uses of history as a study in educational courses, are profitable, whether new or old. We do not know, we may say, that the typical “man of science” would assent to Mr. Smith's remarks in the first half of the fifty-first page. As a man of science, pure and simple, he is apt to think that he has no business at all with the question of the existence of God. What would the “man of science” as such say to Mr. Smith's proposition that the basis of science is, that the intelligence of God is what shows itself in the uniformity of law throughout the creation? If we know him, he would not say yes; but would either say no, that it is not, or else would decline to discuss the question. Mr. Higginson's notion of “Americanism” in literature is “an attitude of hopefulness”—“an attitude not necessarily connected with culture, but with the consciousness of a new impulse given to all human progress,” and much more of the same sort, which may be true or may be not. The question itself, we confess, is not much to our taste, and we vote for its being left to the foreign critics and other outsiders. Of one thing we may all feel assured—and meantime let us trust that the weary may soon cease from troubling, and the feeble may be at rest—that we may as well go on and get our literature without concerning ourselves beforehand about whether or not it is going to be American. Beyond a doubt it will be as American as the writers of it; and it will not be the more American for any man's sitting down and seeking inside and outside and feeling after Americanism, if haply he may find out what it is, and then getting up and putting some of the same into his writing. That would be the way to be a person who should make, more or less well, writings of a given kind—the way, for instance, for an Englishman of our day to write “great dramas” of our day. But it is not so that any true great dramas were written. They, like other things in literature that live, were the genuine thought of thinking souls; and always the soul is to be got first. Otherwise, flowers are to be had without the preliminary germinating seed. What is true of literature in general is true of any desired variety, however slightly different from other varieties. The different man must first be had, and then, if he is much worth hearing, there is but the slightest danger that when he expresses himself, it will not be himself that he expresses. We observe that Mr. Higginson seems to be not wholly free from the old delusion that, to be American, our writers must use strictly American properties. He warmly praises Emerson's “Humblebee” for “stooping to be familiar”—as was then disparagingly said—and for being first to break the spell under the influence of which our poets had gone on singing, to the neglect of the bobolink, the nightingale, and skylark, and otherwise imitating foreigners. But the American cataract of Niagara, and picturesque autumn foliage, and the noble savage, and boundless prairie have received poetical attentions that they have never got over since before Mr. Emerson began writing poetry. Long ago there were men who thought to assert their independence by doing everything when they

got free in a manner precisely contrary to that which they had used when dependent; who, in liberty's name, reversed the law of liberty, and were slaves to "that freedom which is perfect servitude." However, this is not a matter that it is necessary to dwell upon.

Mr. Howells's essay is very delicately humorous—so delicately humorous, for example, that, in a certain place where the humor is satirical, one fancies for a minute that the polite essayist is seriously praising the civility of ladies, one to another, as they ride together in the horse-cars. He makes some startling revelations in regard to the behavior of the young Bostonians to the young women of Athens, and seems to corroborate the testimony of the philosophizing Frenchman, who says that the American man's politeness to women was owing to the fact that when our ancestors came over here first, women were scarce, and in consequence prized above their intrinsic value—which error had become worked into the blood, the Frenchman thought. But such things can be worked out of the blood; and now for some years there have been from twenty to thirty-odd thousand superfluous women in Massachusetts.

The *Galaxy* begins its promised course of articles, called "Ten Years in Rome," the author of which is a clergyman, formerly of the Romish Church, but now a convert to Protestantism. His proof-reader has done him sad injustice, or else his stay in Italy was not of all the service it should have been to his Italian, which is defective. We can see no reason for advising our readers to expect from him anything very important, and we think that in this article, and that about the Cardinal D'Andrea in the last *Galaxy*, we saw more than one indication that what he says may be taken with a grain or two of allowance.

In "Brother of All with Generous Hand" the late Mr. Peabody comes into monthly literature under the auspices of Mr. Whitman, and worse auspices he could not very easily have. Since Mr. Whitman has ceased to pour out the sort of transcendentalism which he had just discovered and seemed to think he had invented, and which in him was not only unreasoning, but seemed to be unintellectual also, and an expression of the animal senses; and since he has left off the indecencies he used to indulge in—for indecencies also occur to the man and brother, and, occurring to him, shall he not blurt them out?—he has made several attempts at expressing himself in human fashion. Those who have seen the first edition of his "Leaves of Grass" know that in the preface to that work the author shook from his neck the tyranny of the comma and of the semi-colon, and of the colon, and of the point of interrogation, and of all points. We forget whether "the child of Libertad" did not free himself from the use of capital letters, but we think not. Afterwards, in the second edition, he became less amorphous, if we remember; and in the war-time he was bound with several of the chains of form, such as metre, rhyme, and the like. The little volume of "Drum Taps" was articulate speech, at least, and had not many typographical oddities in the printing of it. But, from the day of the punctuated "Leaves of Grass," the discerning could see that the distinctive Walt Whitman was in the way of disappearing. What is the wild man of the woods, though he never put on good clothes, if he consents to come out of the forest, scrape the hair off him, sleep in the outhouses, wear an old silk hat, and earn and eat the bread of civilization? He has lost his distinctive character, and is a very inferior man in place of being a monster of more or less superiority; so it was with Mr. Whitman, who has lost most of his physical transcendentalism, and condescends to be particular about his proofs, and talks clearly, and who keeps little or nothing of his old sense but his incoherency. This piece before us is a meaningless, tedious page or two, suggesting that Mr. Peabody gave away much money, and gave it with good intent. It is as truly poetry or literature in any reasonably good sense of the word as would be the talk of a child who should look out of a Broadway stage-window, and read the signs aloud, and tell of some of the things that passed before her eyes on the cobblestones and the sidewalk.

Mr. Grant White's second article on journalism deals with the writer of "personals," and is very good. Very good, too, is Mr. A. S. Evans's account of a journey that he made in the alkaline desert—New Mexico, as we make out. There is a sad and strange thing to associate in one's mind hereafter with the mistletoe. The Coahuila Indians get the greater part of their food from the pods of the mesquite tree, which grows in small thickets in the one river-valley which they possess, and out of which these poor people dare not wander from fear of their murderous enemies. And now the mistletoe has fastened with fatal tenacity upon the mesquite trees, and as fruit-bearers they are nearly ruined. As Mr. Evans, after a terrible journey through the salt desert, in which he steered his course by a smoke-cloud in the distance, reached the huts of the Coahuilas, he found

that the smoke was that of the burning mesquite, the Indians having resolved to destroy the worst-infected clumps, and hoping to save the others.

A new feature of the *Galaxy* is a review of current French and German literature, more critical and far more readable and instructive to him who reads than the scrappy bits of bald information which it has been the habit of our magazine editors to deal out to their readers. For the rest, the *Galaxy* has a poem by Dr. Parsons; a sketch of Mr. A. T. Stewart and his retail store; more of "Put Yourself in his Place," which continues to be exciting; a chapter by Dr. J. C. Draper on "Poisoned Air;" a lively article on "Science and Orthodoxy in England," including judicious remarks on Tyndall, Huxley, and others, by Mr. Justin McCarthy; "Driftwood" in good quantity; and a poem by Mr. Stedman in honor of Admiral Stewart. Why admirals and other sea-fighters should be praised in so irregular metres we see no good reason. They are, though, ever since Campbell did it.

Lippincott's is livelier this month than for some time, and contains one or two clever short stories. One is of a young lover who, going to a party in Boston with his sweetheart, was sent back to the house they had just left to bring an emerald bracelet which had been left behind. He was a doctor. On his way back to Tremont Street a train of cars stopped, and a maniac was about to be put off the cars, had he not undertaken to quiet him. This adventure led him out of town, for the train started while he was on it; and then come a series of mishaps, all plausibly connected and interdependent, which finally takes him all over the world and into all sorts of scrapes. If the author had only had the experiences he pretends to, he might write a novel of adventure of the "Anastatus" kind which would live long. Another good thing—for its comparative freshness, to say nothing of other good qualities—is "Sue and I," and still another is an essay, neither unphilosophical nor unreadable, on "The Philosophy of Self-Interest." The heavy article is an essay on "International Coinage," and the *pièce de résistance* is an instalment of Mr. Trollope's novel.

Hours at Home comes out as an illustrated magazine this month, its pictures being taken from "The Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little," a work which Messrs. Scribner & Co. have recently published. "The Coming Chinaman" contains hopeful prognostications of the effect which the influx of Chinese will have upon our political and social future, and is as neatly and pleasantly written as most of what the Rev. George Bacon writes. He is worth hearing, too, what is more than can be said for many of the magazine writers who have snapped up the new immigrant and utilized him as magazine padding, for Mr. Bacon has seen him in many parts of the world, and knows him not only as native, but as colonist also. He calls attention to the fact that the Chinaman is by no means a person who necessarily believes that he must go home or be sent home to be buried, but that he can, without horror, rock his cradles, and dig his graves, and rear his children in many barbarian lands. Mr. Bacon expects to live long enough to see Yellow John, as they call him in California, a regular resident, and looks forward, not without equanimity, to see him in common councils, side by side with gentlemen who so well illustrate "six hundred years of wrong" in the past, to say nothing of some odd years passed in this country. "The Bedouin Arabs" is another article worth reading, but is too sketchy to be so useful as it should have been. "Real Christmas"—that is to say, the children's, the Christmas fully believed in—is a pleasant piece by Mary E. Dodge, and the spirit of Christmas-time is present in a Christmas story called "St. Ephrem." But it is present in a much exaggerated shape, and the story goes into the treacherous class of Christmas fiction. Not thus is the hard-hearted stock-broker softened, we can tell H. F. E. Still, if the tale does "slop over," it is a little puddle of good-heartedness and kindness that it makes, and perhaps some other season of the year would be a better time for finding fault with our artist.

"Leisure Moments" tells three or four good stories of the Abbé Correa du Serra, who, years ago, was the Portuguese Minister at Washington; there are some readable remarks on Sir William Hamilton's life and character; there is another chapter of Professor Noah Porter's "Books and Reading," in which the odd statement is made that books of biography are generally disliked; there is poetry, much below her usual level of cleverness, by "H. H.;" there are some four reviews in Literature of the Day; there are instalments of novels by Georgiana M. Craik and by "The Author of Mary Powell"; and so the magazine is filled with matter generally good and worth reading.

Putnam's does well to present its readers with Mr. John Bigelow's careful article on Father Hyacinthe, and with an article not so careful—but still the best thing that the sympathizers with Cuba have yet offered the public—on the affairs of Cuba. "A French Salon" is a clever little

story of Parisian life, and is worth a thousand of such stories as "Concerning Charlotte," and fifteen or sixteen hundred of "A Woman's Right," both of which novels begin in this number of *Putnam's*. The former of the two last, however, is in some places bright, and has a crisp kind of smartness; but it gives no promise of anything really good. "American Hotels," by "A Cosmopolitan," is a prize essay, and might have been done by a gentleman whose travels had led him through some half-dozen magazines and newspapers, for there is nothing in it in any way new.

From the *Catholic World* for January, any one who will may learn that there is at present no diminution in the birth-rate of young women who modestly but firmly tell the savants of their acquaintance that for their part they look on "science" as a child's game of playing with colored balls; who smile an amused smile when their new friend, meeting them at half-past six in the morning coming from the cathedral, asks them if they really are Catholics—*Roman Catholics*—and not merely Catholics in the true sense of the word; who say with clear, low voices, in the ball-room where they alone are cool, that they "never dance round dances"—while flushed Protestant girls, with eyes less serene and hair more frizzed, whirl in the waltz; who by all these arts stun and captivate, and lead into marriage the young man of brilliant abilities, but sceptical and indifferent; the ship of whose life, for want of being beached on the Rock of Peter, goes sailing about as if it were not the business of a ship to run ashore. There are not less than two or three such ladies in this month's *Catholic World*, and let us hope that they may go on increasing in numbers till some of us also get a chance to see them.

For the rest, this magazine as good as predicts that the Oecumenical Council will declare the Pope infallible; gives a good account of poor Vansleb, the Oriental traveller and scholar of two centuries ago, whose much-damaged reputation has recently been so well restored by the labors

of M. Champollion Figeac; is bitter upon Gallicanism; makes replication to the rejoinder in *Putnam's* to a contradiction in a former *Catholic World* of *Putnam's* statement that in this State the Romish Church is as good as established; translates a weak Italian lecture on St. Augustine's Philosophy; and, generally, is very Romanist and not very literary.

In *Harper's* the "Easy Chair" makes some good talk about prohibitory laws, and also engages itself in the task of "making it pleasant all round" for the gentlemen who have lost control and the gentlemen who have gained control of the National Academy. These latter will no doubt be amenable to reason, as they seem tolerably happy just now. Mr. M. D. Conway tells of Leigh Hunt and the memorial monument; and, besides, there are tales of love and Christmas, and illustrated popularized science, and summaries of news enough to fill the magazine, which apparently is above the need of getting out "a New Year's number."

. Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.

Authors.—Titles.	BOOKS OF THE WEEK.	Publishers.—Prices.
Alger (H., jr.), Luck and Pluck: a Child's Story.....	(Loring)	
Brewster (Miss A. M. H.), Compensation: a Tale, 2d ed. (J. B. Lippincott & Co.)		
Collier (Rev. R. L.), Every-day Subjects in Every-day Sermons. (Am. Unit. Assn.)	\$1 00	
Courtney (Mrs. E. L.), Twice Tried.....(Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger)	0 80	
De Vere (Prof. M. S.), The Great Empress.....(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)		
Hughes (T.), Alfred the Great.....(Macmillan & Co.)	2 00	
Jones (Dr. B.), Life and Letters of Michael Faraday, 2 vols. (J. B. Lippincott & Co.)		
Knatchbull-Hugessen (E. H.), Stories for my Children.....(Macmillan & Co.)	2 00	
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